



# LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

## Extracts from Notices.

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ADDRESS

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# LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

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## TO ALFRED J. CHURCH.

AUTHOR OF THE LEGEND OF ST. VITALIS,  
AND OTHER POEMS.

As happy children who in careless play  
Scatter bright blossoms on their homeward  
way,

So thou on life's rough path hast scattered  
flowers,

To lighten some dark day, or bitter hours,  
Unto thy brothers, who, with weary feet,  
Pause in the toil of life thy voice to greet,  
That as an organ pealing, loud then low,  
Like the loved voices silent long ago,  
Lingers within our hearts, and never we  
Its echoes may forget as long as time shall be.  
And now these fadeless blossoms thou hast  
twined

Into a wreath; and ever shall the wind  
Of time blow softly o'er them, and the air  
Seem sweeter for the gift of things so fair.  
The lowest place thou wert content to win,  
So thou couldst find but room to enter in,  
And lay thy chaplet there before that shrine,  
Amid so much the world doth deem divine.  
Yea, thou hast passed the portal, and hast  
found

That with the laurel green thy brow is bound.  
Spectator. F. P.

## MOON-THIRST.

Who knows — yon ancient planet waterless,  
Once swayed with ocean; yonder caves,  
whence night

Not ever is dispelled, were swum with light,  
And floods and verdurous mountains felt the  
stress

Of winds that smote the shining capes, to  
bless

Woodlands with power and ships with men of  
might:

While cloud-encircled and more softly bright  
The moon walked on in gleaming spotlessness?  
Now, cold of heart, and evermore accursed  
With death, white ashes strewn upon her head,  
Blind on her course the haggard phantom  
moves;

But fierce and unallayable her thirst,  
To earth's far seas in vain her hands are  
spread;

She strains to tilt the ocean cup she loves.  
Spectator. H. D. RAWNSLEY.

## THE EBB OF LOVE.

A LOVE that wanes is as an ebbing tide,  
Which slowly, inch by inch, and scarce per-  
ceived,

With many a wave that makes brave show to  
rise,

Fails from the shore. No sudden treason  
turns

The long-accustomed loyalty to hate,  
But years bring weariness for sweet content,  
And fondness, daily sustenance of love,  
Which use should make a tribute easier paid,  
First grudged, and then withholden, starves  
the heart;

And though compassion, or remorseful  
thoughts

Of happy days departed, bring again  
The ancient tenderness in seeming flood,  
Not less it ebbs and ebbs till all is bare.  
O happy shore, the flowing tide shall brim  
Thy empty pools, and spread dull tangled  
weeds

In streamers many-colored as the lights  
Which flash in northern heavens, and revive  
The fainting blossoms of the rocks; but thou,  
O heart, whence love hath ebb'd, art ever  
bare!

Spectator.

A. J. CHURCH.

## PLYMOUTH HARBOR — SUNDAY.

Is it not well that England sends her sons  
From such proud harbors, such fair haunts as  
these,

To wage their battle with the roaring seas,  
And shout for victory with their cloudy guns;  
Here where the shifting wall of white foam  
runs

Forever Soundward, where baronial trees  
Blend the waves' whisper with the hum of  
bees

And sweet church bells ring down their ben-  
isons?

Yes, when the sailor's heart is strung for fight,  
Thou, Edgcombe, shall be present in that  
hour,

The Hoe and Hamoaze, clear before his sight,  
Shall nerve his arm and lend his spirit power;  
And if he fall, yet falling will he smile,  
Dead for the love of this his native isle.

Spectator.

H. D. RAWNSLEY.

## ECHOES.

As one who walks upon a windy night,  
Through unknown streets, to reach the  
minster door,

Guides not his footsteps by the gusty light,  
But by the clangor that the wild bells pour;  
Yet oft he pauses, when in the wind's roar  
Some louder echo calls him left or right;

And much he joys when, full of angels bright,  
He sees the great rose-window flame before.

So if the wanderer in life's ways attend  
To catch the heavenly carillon, above  
Its earthly echoes, nature, art, and love;  
Then in his ears, as earth's sweet voices end,  
The bells sound clearer, and before his eyes  
Bright windows open in the darkening skies.

Spectator.

F. W. B.

From The Quarterly Review.  
THE NONJURORS.\*

OF the problems left by primitive Christianity for future generations to solve, the widest, and if we may judge from experience the most perplexing, is the adaptation of its principles to the various provinces of human life and conduct. The right application to these of the law of the kingdom of Heaven is certainly not among the things which are revealed to babes. In this field of action, mere conscientiousness or rectitude of intention is no sure preservative from error. Mistakes, often carrying with them the most disastrous consequences, even wrecking the usefulness of individuals and the peace of communities, mark the historical course of the Church, and testify that only at the cost of many futile experiments and pernicious failures has progress in this practical science been achieved. The reason of this is not far to seek. Contrasted with Judaism, and indeed with all other historical religions, Christianity is not a system of rigid precepts by which conduct can be infallibly guided, but a spirit, a principle, an inward law, aspiring to purify and regulate the temper, the motives, and the aims, while it leaves their practical developments to be fashioned by the individual judgment, after consideration of the circumstances to be dealt with in each particular case. And since, in the course of ages and the vicissitudes of the social order, the circumstances may vary almost without limit, the habits and lines of conduct which at one time are the most in accordance with the Christian spirit, and rightly approve themselves to the conscience, may at another epoch wear the very opposite aspect and frustrate the ends which Christianity is intended to promote. In scarcely any case, outside the fundamental rules of morality, can such precepts and examples as the sacred books of our religion contain be taken literally for an authoritative guide of conduct under all circumstances, without risk of falling into some grievous blunder. The

more resolute we are to act in their spirit, the more bound we are to hold ourselves free from being coerced by their outward form and bare letter. But this distinction between the spirit and the letter, between the immutable principle and the changeable expression of it in action and conduct, is just that which is most difficult to be drawn with precision and confidence. The unenlightened fail to understand it, the scrupulous stumble at it, the self-seeking abuse it. Hence has sprung a plentiful crop of controversies, divisions, offences against religion and society, by which the ecclesiastical and civil orders have been disturbed, to the great detriment both of Church and State.

These reflections are suggested to us by the biographical works named above, which have recently revived attention to the almost forgotten sect of the Nonjurors. To every one whose judgment is not warped by ecclesiastical prejudices it must, we think, by this time be tolerably clear that the schism, originated at the Revolution of 1688 by the primate Sancroft, and a small number of the bishops and clergy, had no other justification than one of those misapprehensions of the genius of Christianity to which we have alluded. It would have been impossible but for the strange notion that the Bible is a manual of practical politics, and defines for all ages the rights of monarchs and the duties of their subjects. Such a misreading of Holy Writ surely ought not to have been adopted by the heads of a Church, which had denied the right of the mere letter of Biblical precepts and instances to prevail against the dictates of the moral judgment, by affirming in her articles the lawfulness of oaths and military service and capital punishments, and denouncing the communism in favor of which the Sermon on the Mount and the example of the primitive Christians had been pleaded. Within such a Church no room ought to have been found for the preposterous notions, that a rule of civil polity binding in conscience on all Christians may be drawn from the first four chapters of Genesis, and that a perpetual charter of immunity for unbridled despotism may be based on St. Paul's precept,

\* 1. *The Life and Writings of Charles Leslie, M.A., Nonjuring Divine.* By the Rev. R. J. Leslie. London, 1885.

2. *William Law, Nonjuror and Mystic.* By the Rev. J. H. Overton. London, 1881.

enjoining on his converts obedience to the Roman government.

But during the preceding reigns circumstances had betrayed the Anglican Church into the mistake of endeavoring to strengthen her position, by fathering on Scripture a doctrine which invested hereditary monarchs with an inviolable sacredness, and prescribed to their subjects the duty, under all provocations, of non-resistance and passive obedience; and as might have been expected, the whirligig of time brought in its revenge. When at length the nation, in the exercise of its supreme right of self-preservation, saved itself from an intolerable tyranny by a solemn and deliberate change of its ruler, the Church was compelled to reconsider her new political doctrine, and ascertain whether with a good conscience she could acquiesce in the change, and enjoy the benefit which Providence had brought to her doors. With more than half the bishops, twenty-nine thirtieths of the clergy, and the laity in general, common sense prevailed, aided no doubt by an instinctive repugnance to disturbance and self-sacrifice for the sake of an idea. Anyway, with whatever differences of political opinions and desires, there was an almost universal agreement that no sufficient ground existed for a breach between the Church and the State. To the primate, however, and a small minority of the bishops, it seemed otherwise. Unable to extricate themselves from the spurious doctrine, which made it a matter of conscience to refuse allegiance to the new occupants of the throne whom the nation had deliberately chosen, they were not content to retire, as they might easily have done, for the relief of their own consciences and for the peace of the Church; they judged it right to secede, and to set up themselves and their handful of adherents as the true Church of England. The Establishment, against which they shook off the dust of their feet, became hateful in their eyes, and was denounced by them as rebellious and apostate. To hold communion with it was regarded by them as sinful, and lest the separation should expire with their own deaths, they thought it incumbent on them to take measures for

its perpetuation by the appointment of successors to themselves. This, however, their devotion to the royal supremacy forbade them to do without first obtaining the sanction of the legitimate monarch; and thus was produced the curious spectacle of these prelates of the Reformed Church of England sending over the water, to obtain from a bigoted Papist the nomination of the proposed new bishops of the schism. James, accordingly, after consulting the heads of the Gallican hierarchy and the Vatican, directed two of the Nonjuring presbyters to be raised to the episcopate. Hickes and Wagstaffe were selected for the doubtful honor, and were consecrated by the suffragan titles of Thetford and Ipswich, but in such a hole-and-corner way that for a long time many of the Nonjurors themselves remained ignorant of the fact. The sincerity of Sancroft and his allies in carrying out their principles to this bitter end is not in question. It is their acknowledged conscientiousness that points our moral. What could more forcibly show the blindness to the spirit of Christianity which bondage to the letter of Scripture may produce, than the fact that honest and earnest-minded prelates, bent upon doing their duty at any personal sacrifice, could persuade themselves that they lay under an imperious obligation to risk the wrecking of the fortunes of the Church committed to their guidance, on a mere question of secular politics?

We have here two remarks to make, to prevent misapprehension. In blaming the schismatic action of the Nonjuring prelates, we are not expressing any opinion on the decision of the legislature to impose on all holders of office, lay and ecclesiastical, an oath of allegiance to the new sovereigns. That Parliament was within its right in requiring this formal act of submission is beyond question; and the utmost consideration for tender consciences, supposing that there was to be an oath at all, was shown by prescribing a new form which left opinions free as to the title by which William and Mary sat on the throne. The previous oath, which implied the doctrine of hereditary right, was dropped, and the oath now imposed

ran in this simpler form: "I do sincerely promise and swear to bear true allegiance to their Majesties King William and Queen Mary." The only questionable point is the policy of requiring an oath at all on the change of the dynasty, especially from the Anglican clergy, taking the peculiar circumstances into consideration. Hallam, in discussing the matter, comes to the conclusion that the reasons in favor of imposing the oath preponderated. But with that question, which is one of expediency, not of principle, we are not here concerned. The only matter we are dealing with is the action of the Nonjuring prelates, when the simple oath just cited, which pledged them to nothing but submission to the *de facto* sovereigns of the nation, was required of them by an undoubtedly competent authority.

Our other remark is that the blame of the schism does not lie on all the bishops who felt themselves so bound by the doctrine of legitimacy, and by their previous oath of allegiance to James, as to be unable conscientiously to take the new oath. These were nine in number. But the act of the legislature, while requiring the oath to be taken generally before August 1st, 1689, gave to ecclesiastics a further indulgence of six months before actual deprivation took place in case of persistent refusal; and before this period had elapsed three of the recusant prelates died, leaving only six to decide on their future action. Of these six Frampton, Bishop of Gloucester, and Ken, of Bath and Wells, declined to be parties to setting up a separate sect; and thus Sancroft and three suffragans were the only prelates who were responsible for dividing the Church. Frampton's line of conduct after deprivation is thus sketched by Mr. Lathbury, the somewhat partial historian of the Nonjurors:—

Frampton never had a desire to continue the separation. He could not take the oath of allegiance, and was prepared to suffer the consequences; but beyond this he did not wish to proceed. As long as he was able, he attended the service of the parish church in which he resided. He frequently catechized the children in the afternoon, and expounded the sermon which had been preached by the parochial clergyman.

Of the saintly Ken, also, it may be said that although he was a Nonjuror in fact, in temper and conduct he was widely separated from Sancroft and the more extreme members of the party. After the settlement of the crown he decided to take the new oath of allegiance, and began to draw up a pastoral letter to justify his action. But while he was writing, a fine-drawn scruple invaded his somewhat timid mind; and after vainly fighting against it he yielded, burnt the letter, and begged his friends to leave him alone, saying, that if, when the irrevocable step was once taken, he should be haunted by misgivings of its lawfulness, he should be a miserable man to the end of his days. His difficulty was to determine the point at which a legitimate sovereign forfeits by wrongdoing his claim to the allegiance of his subjects. That there is such a point he did not doubt, but whether James had reached it he could not feel certain; and to his tender conscience the doubt left no alternative but to retire, and make room for others who saw their way more clearly. He blamed no one who was bolder and more assured. If he did not go so far as to urge his friends to accept the oath, at least he rejoiced when they found themselves able to take it. Only for himself, for his own peace of mind, he felt it safer to exchange his station as a ruler of the Church for the privacy in which he could devote himself to the religious musings which he loved, and to the sacred hymnody by which his name has become a household word amongst all English-speaking Christians. It would have been better, perhaps, that he should have completed his self-abnegation by formally resigning his see, as he did a dozen years later on the appointment to it of a personal friend of his own by Queen Anne, and thus have freed his immediate successor's position from embarrassment. But his theory of "the independency of the clergy on the lay power" made him cling to the shadowy title of canonical bishop of the see, after his deprivation by the State; and as his successor, Bishop Kidder, belonged to the opposite party stigmatized as latitudinarian, Ken was the less disposed to make things easy for him. How strongly the



ex-bishop felt about the spread of the "latitudinarian taint" in his old diocese, appears from some verses which he composed in 1703, when Kidder and his wife were crushed to death in their bed by the fall of a stack of chimneys in the palace at Wells. Dreadful as the tragedy was, he found an alleviation of it in remembering that it "freed his flock from uncanonical yoke," and made way for a successor more to his mind. We quote a few lines, which show his feelings, if they do not magnify his genius for poetry:—

Forced from my flock I daily saw, with tears,  
A stranger's ravage two sabbatic years;  
But I forbear to tell the dreadful stroke,  
Which freed my sheep from their Erastian yoke.

Yet sore as Ken felt at first about the intrusion of a successor into the diocese which he still deemed to be canonically his own, he never suffered this feeling to lead him into any formal act of separation from the national Church. To the consecration of the two bishops—Hickes and Wagstaffe—he refused to be a party: "My judgment," he wrote, "was always against it, and I have nothing to do with it, foreseeing that it would perpetuate a schism." As time ran on, he evidently grew dissatisfied with the Nonjuring position, and anxious to heal the breach. In 1700, in a letter to Hickes, he lamented the schism, "concerning which," he said, "I have many years had ill-abodings," and suggested that, to restore peace to the Church, he and the other two survivors of the deprived bishops should resign. This suggestion being declined, three years afterwards, much against the wish of the party, he formally withdrew in favor of Hooper; and, on the death of the last of the other two, he openly expressed the wish that the breach might now be closed by the union of the seceders with the bishops in possession. Taking this saintly man altogether, it may be said that he was one of those beautiful souls which in quiet times shed lustre over the communions to which they belong, but are scarcely of the robust stuff of which leaders are made for times of crisis and revolution. Bold to stand on their conscience, strong to suffer for a scruple, they fail through timidity when the times are out of joint, and new emergencies require the adoption of courses which depart from the well-worn groove of precedent. Had Sancroft, and the three prelates who followed his lead, been like Frampton and Ken, although we could not have awarded them

the praise of being equal to the guidance of the English Church through revolutionary troubles, we could with much less qualification have held them in honor as sufferers for conscience' sake.

It is then on Sancroft, and the three Bishops of Ely, Norwich, and Peterborough, that the burden of the schism rests. They could have prevented it altogether with a single word, but that word they would not speak. Had they magnanimously withdrawn their claims to their sees, when, in consequence of their refusal of the oath, the same power which had given them jurisdiction deprived them of it, no difficulty could have arisen about the canonical authority of their successors, and on the principles of the Nonjurors themselves no cause for secession would have existed. The whole matter would have passed away with a few petulant abstentions from the Church's public worship, or some ill-mannered gestures of dissent while the prayers for the new sovereigns were read. Even had they simply been silent, the worst that could have happened would have been an unorganized separation for the short time they had to live, instead of the hundred years of schism which their action entailed on the Church. It is for this action that we blame them, not for being scrupulously tender of their own consciences. With their antecedents they might not have been the right persons to govern the Church under the new dynasty; to make way for others might have been the better course. We would not for a moment deny that in critical epochs public men may sometimes feel themselves so deeply committed to certain views or lines of conduct, as to be morally disqualified for taking the lead in a change of front, even though circumstances convince them of its expediency. Hampered by their past, enfeebled by a dread of inconsistency, held back by scruples arising out of previous engagements, they may be pardoned, perhaps even praised, if they consider it right to resign the lead to others who have no such entanglements to break through. But a plea of this kind, available though it be to exonerate the Nonjuring prelates for incurring deprivation, is not broad enough to cover their schismatic action. To justify this, it was not sufficient to impugn the title of William and Mary; what needed to be proved was that the national Church, by acquiescing in the Revolution, had departed from the faith, or violated the divine ecclesiastical order, to such a degree as to render communion with it

unlawful for a Christian. But to prove that was impossible. No verse of Scripture, no tradition of the fathers, no decree of council or synod, could be cited to that effect; in faith and order the Church remained exactly what it had been. This argument was very forcibly put by the learned Stillingfleet in a sermon which he wrote for the thanksgiving day in 1694, but was prevented by illness from preaching:—

I would have them consider [he says] whether there hath ever been so groundless and unreasonable a separation as they have been guilty of. I mean as to two things: i. On account of those bishops who refused to act when they were permitted and invited so to do, according to the principles of religion owned by themselves. Nothing required of them contrary to Scripture, Fathers, and Councils, or the Articles of our Church; nothing but what the law required as a security to the present government; and, if their consciences were not satisfied as to the giving of that, they might have retired and lived quietly. But why a separation? Where is there any precedent of this kind in the whole Christian Church? viz., of a political schism, where all the offices of religion are the same; only some are deprived for not doing what the law of the land requires; *i.e.*, they rather chose to lose their places than to do their duties; which is a very new ground of separation and utterly unknown to the Christian Church. ii. As to the public offices of the Church with respect to their Majesties, I can find no one instance in the Greek or Latin Church, where these were scrupled to be used with respect to those who were in actual possession of the throne by the providence of God, and consent of the people.

It was a saying of Samuel Johnson's, that, "with the exception of Leslie, the Nonjurors could not reason." Certain it is that the conduct of their leaders bristled with inconsistencies. They were continually straining out the gnat while they swallowed the camel. Non-resistance to the hereditary monarch was their fundamental principle, their sacred "doctrine of the cross;" yet they were willing to accept the Prince of Orange as an armed mediator between James and the nation, and to assent to the forcible transfer of the whole regal power to William with the title of regent. Their consciences allowed them to obey William, but forbade them to recognize him. They denied his right to exercise the royal prerogatives, yet they accepted his nomination of Burnet to be Bishop of Salisbury. They acknowledged the force of St. Paul's precept to pray for all who are in authority; and at the same time declared that a second absolu-

tion was needed at the end of the Church's service, to absolve the worshippers from the guilt contracted by joining in the petitions for the welfare of the actual sovereigns, William and Mary. They had accepted their diocesan jurisdiction from the civil power, and they denied the competency of the same power to withdraw it from them. They had entered on their sees under an oath imposed by the legislature, and they protested against the right of the legislature to require them to swear. They condemned the oath of allegiance to William and Mary as sinful, and empowered their commissaries to administer it when giving institution to benefices. They took their stand on the Church's political teaching, and repudiated the practice of the Church in the Apostolic age, when Christians never concerned themselves about the title of the Cæsar who happened to reign, but recognized each in turn, and even several at once when rivals seized the power in different provinces of the Empire. Such inconsistencies were the nemesis of the Nonjurors' impracticable doctrine, and betrayed the intrinsic weakness of the cause for the sake of which their learning, piety, and fidelity to conscience, were lost to the Church and turned to her hurt.

Seceding bodies have a tendency to further disintegration, and the Nonjuring party was no exception to the rule. The opening of the year 1710 brought its first crisis, and happily saw the reconciliation of its more moderate and thoughtful members to the Church of their fathers. It is instructive to notice the plea by which this abandonment of their position was justified by them. Dodwell, their leader, though a layman, had maintained the necessity of the original secession on the single ground that the deprived bishops—"our invalidly deprived fathers" as he used to designate them—not having been canonically deposed continued to be the canonical bishops of their respective sees, and consequently that the bishops actually in possession were schismatical intruders. So long as a single see remained in this predicament, he held that the entire national Church, being in communion with the schismatical intruder, was schismatical by contagion, and the communion with it continued to be unlawful. But the successive deaths of Sancroft and his deprived suffragans released one see after another from the category of sees capable of communicating the contagion of schism; and when, on January 1, 1710, Lloyd, the ex-Bishop of Norwich, died, Ken was the

only one left, and he had surrendered his canonical right to Hooper several years before. Hence the time had come when not a single see remained in which there was both a bishop in possession and a bishop with a shadowy canonical title. From that moment, according to the view of Dodwell and his friends, the national Church became free from the schismatical infection, and the guilt of schism was transferred to the other side. Accordingly, with great satisfaction to themselves, they lost no time in re-entering the portals of the now disinfected Church. The argument was ingenious, and we can heartily rejoice that it was found sufficient by these estimable persons. At the same time we must confess, that it appears to us to afford a striking illustration of the unreality of the whole contention. When the first day of the new year dawned, the national Church was schismatical to its core, and separation from its communion was an imperative duty. Before sunset of the same day it had become the only lawful Church in the land, and separation from its communion was a sin. What had happened to produce this momentous difference? Certainly nothing in the Church itself. In the evening of that day it was precisely the same as it had been in the morning; not one iota of change had been made in its doctrine, its discipline, its officers, or its connection with the State. Nothing had happened except the obscure death, in a lodging at Hammersmith, of an old man who had seceded from it twenty years before. Might not common sense be pardoned for suggesting that if so minute and entirely external an event was all that was necessary to justify a return to its communion, the previous renunciation of its communion had no sufficient cause?

Such was the opinion of the other half of the sect. They poured scorn on the weak-kneed brethren, who on so trivial an excuse had yielded to the blandishments of the apostate Establishment. To use the language of Hickes, their bishop and oracle, they "could not imagine that such adulterous intruders can merely by the death of all those whose thrones they usurped, continuing not only impenitent, but justifying their intrusion and the pravity of their schismatical consecrations, in a moment become lawful and valid bishops of their usurped districts, and Catholic bishops of the Church." In their eyes the prelates of the "Revolution Church," as they scoffingly styled it, continued to be "anti-bishops" just as much as ever, because they professed the "dan-

gerous and damnable doctrines of resistance and the validity of lay deprivation." The true Church, they boasted, was and ever would be to the end of the world with their own "little and faithful suffering number." To these irreconcilables no course was logically open but to perpetuate the schism, till either they or the national Church perished; and accordingly on the death of their other bishop, Wagstaffe, who having nothing else to do had been practising as a physician, Hickes obtained the co-operation of two members of the proscribed Scotch episcopate who seem to have been in hiding in London, and with their assistance consecrated three new bishops of the schism, Collier, Howes, and Spinckes. Two years later, on the death of Hickes, these three consecrated two more, Gandy and Brett. Then discord broke out among them, and the curse of schism came home to roost. Collier and Brett, becoming dissatisfied with the Anglican communion office, drew up a new one on the lines of King Edward's first book, with modifications from the early liturgies; and on the refusal of the majority of the body to adopt it, they parted company with their brethren, and formed a new sect known as the Usagers. For about fourteen years the two sections of Nonjurors faced each other in hostile array, each striving to perpetuate itself by fresh consecrations; but by 1733 the Usagers had managed to absorb most of the others, and there was a short-lived union. The schismatic spirit, however, although for a moment exorcised, soon returned reinforced. One of the party, named Lawrence, known as the author of several treatises on the "Invalidity of Lay baptism," accepted consecration from the hands of a single Scotch bishop, and headed a party of Separatists, who adopted an entirely new prayer-book, drawn up by Deacon, whom Lawrence was pleased to consecrate as his coadjutor. It soon became evident that the Nonjuring cause was doomed. Discredited by its internal dissensions and the impracticable narrowness of its views, the sect dwindled in the number as well as the quality of its adherents. In 1789, Gordon, the last bishop of the regular section, died, and that branch of the schism became extinct. For nearly a score of years longer the Separatists lingered on, still playing at single-handed consecrations; "a singular proof," remarks Hallam, "of that tenacity of life by which religious sects, after dwindling down through neglect, excel frogs and tortoises; and that, even when

they have become almost equally cold-blooded." But the time arrived when this remnant, too, became unable to "drag its slow length along;" its last bishop, Boothe by name, died in Ireland in 1805, and with him the once renowned Nonjuring party passed away, unnoticed and unwept.

Having thus briefly traced the secession to its inglorious close, we turn back to particularize its more prominent members, whose ability, learning, or piety gave it somewhat of lustre in its earlier period. Next after Ken the one most affectionately remembered by English Churchmen is the layman Robert Nelson, the gentle and devout complexion of whose character was well indicated by the epithet commonly attached to his name by his friends, who familiarly spoke of him as "the pious Mr. Nelson." Born in 1656, he received an Anglican education under Dr. Bull, the future Bishop of St. Davids, and was admitted to the intimate friendship of Tillotson, who actually expired in his arms after a brief tenure of the primacy. The fortune and figure of the "handsome Englishman," as Nelson was called by the queen of France when in the prime of his youth he was presented at her court, pointed him out as fitted to grace the royal circle at Whitehall, and a proposal was made to him to become attached to it by the purchase of an office; but such a court as that of Charles II. was little to his taste, and he made the wise choice of turning his back on its gilded profligacies. His principal cross was found in his marriage; for having wedded abroad a widow considerably older than himself, Lady Theophila Lucy, he discovered too late that she had previously become a Papist. In spite, however, of the gross deceit put upon him, and of the embarrassing fact that the married couple found themselves writing at the same time on opposite sides of the controversy with Rome, his amiable temperament enabled him to live in more than harmony with her, and for several years to watch tenderly over her declining health. At the time of the Revolution he was on the Continent, but returning in 1691 he found it necessary to make his choice between the old Church and the Nonjuring secession. To a man of his reverent and submissive spirit the dilemma was a cruel one. To desert the national communion was a sore wrench to his feelings; to remain in it, and listen to the prayers for William and Mary, was an offence to his conscience. He consulted Tillotson, and the primate had no other advice to give than to impress upon him

the impropriety of being present at prayers in which he could not sincerely join. Upon this Nelson reluctantly united himself to a small Nonjuring congregation, and lived quietly in close friendship with Kettlewell, one of the most esteemed members of the party, whose gentle temper was akin to his own. Happily for the Church, after Kettlewell's death in 1695 this inaction failed to satisfy Nelson, and without formally withdrawing from the Nonjurors, he gradually renewed his intercourse with many of the leading Churchmen, in concert with whom he took a prominent part in founding the Christian Knowledge and Propagation Societies, and promoting church-building, the reformation of manners, and other charitable enterprises. In 1710 he felt himself able to return to the public worship of the old communion, and had the satisfaction of spending the remaining five years of his life in the beloved Church of his fathers. He was ready with his pen, and published several works of a religious character, which, if not brilliant or striking, are invariably thoughtful and devout. To sum him up in a phrase, he was an admirable type of the old orthodox or moderately high-Church school of Anglican religion, as far removed from Romanism on one hand as from Puritanism on the other. The most popular book which he published, the "Companion for the Festivals and Fasts," is almost a transcript of himself, and to this day has scarcely ceased to hold the rank which it quickly attained, as a classic and almost indispensable handbook of Church of England devotion.

Next to Nelson may be placed Henry Dodwell, also a layman, who for many years was the chief adviser of the moderate section of the Nonjurors, and adorned their little communion by the vast extent of his erudition. He had the reputation of being one of the most learned men in Europe, but a portion of his learning might have been profitably bargained away for a modicum of sober judgment and practical good sense. His faculties seemed to be overburdened by the weight of his accumulated knowledge; the fuel choked the fire rather than fed it. It was of him that King William is reported to have said, "He has set his heart on being a martyr, and I have set mine on disappointing him." Irish by birth, he was educated at Trinity College, Dublin, and was elected to a fellowship; but being disinclined to take holy orders, he vacated it in 1666, disinterestedly declining, on

the ground of public policy, to avail himself of the offer made by Bishop Jeremy Taylor, to obtain a dispensation for him. Transferring himself to England he became a literary ally of Bishop Lloyd, who occupied successively the sees of St. Asaph and Worcester, and busied himself in historical researches as well as controversial divinity. The reputation which he gradually acquired led to his election to the Camdenian professorship of history at Oxford, at the beginning of the Revolution year; but his tenure of it was short, for towards the close of 1691 he was deprived for refusing to swear allegiance to William and Mary, and retired to Cookham in Berkshire, where he spent the remaining twenty years of his life. From a "Cautionary Discourse" which he published at the time of his deprivation, we learn that he would have had no objection to undertake to live peaceably under the new sovereigns; his difficulty was that the oath, by requiring a positive fealty and allegiance, implicitly pledged those who took it to "maintain the life, limbs, and terrene honor of their liege lord, to keep his secrets, and discover plots against him," services which he could not conscientiously render to a usurper. He continued, however, to attend the Church prayers until new bishops were consecrated to the sees of the deprived prelates; and even after that, with all his heat against the intruders, and his conviction that the Church had become schismatic by accepting them, he never assented to measures which were likely to prolong the secession beyond the death of the last of those in whom he believed the canonical possession to continue. As that event approached, he labored earnestly to prepare his friends to take advantage of it; and a year before his death, he had the satisfaction, as we have seen, of carrying back with himself a large number of the seceders to the communion of the national Church.

A few personal traits of this rather remarkable man are worth recording. His simple nature was pleasantly illustrated by the circumstances of his marriage. He was in his fifty-second year when it took place, but although so late in beginning family life, he showed himself as prolific of children as of books, his olive-branches mounting up to the respectable number of ten. He had in his bachelor days intended certain of his kinsmen to be his heirs; they, however, died off, and their removal appeared to him to be a call of Providence to beget heirs for himself. His friend

and biographer, Mr. Brokesby, thus quaintly describes the result:—

Whilst he thought of this change of his condition, God happily suggested to his thoughts a person in all respects fitted for him, viz., one in whose father's house at Cookham he had at several times tabled, and whom he had in her younger years instructed in the principles of religion, in which he found her a good proficient, and afterwards had just reason to believe that such principles had influence on her mind and conversation, and hereby fitted her for that relation. How much she was suited to his circumstances, how good a wife she was, and how careful a mother she continues to be, must not, she being yet alive, be here insisted on, lest I should be censured for a flatterer.

In character Dodwell was irreproachable. Pious, kindly, full of good works, simple and somewhat ascetic in his habits, he entirely deserved the esteem and affection entertained towards him by his friends. What defects he had were rather in his head than his heart. Like most book-ridden recluses, he was little suited to deal with the exigencies of real life. How he lived in his books appears from his habit of making his journeys on foot, that travel might not interrupt his converse with them. For this purpose he converted himself into a walking library. Clad in a coat well furnished with convenient pockets, and stocked with volumes of a suitable size, he used to plod along the roads, drawing out now a portion of the Hebrew Bible, now a Greek Testament or a prayer-book, which after a while he would exchange for a treatise of St. Augustine or some other father of the church, or for the "De Imitatione," which was one of his especial favorites. A life of such uninterrupted study, unbalanced by experience of the world and its affairs, not unnaturally exposed him to the domination of narrow or impracticable ideas. Episcopacy became a sort of monomania with him. No salvation except through bishops became the keynote of his theology. To the scandalizing of his associates this maggot in his brain attained such portentous dimensions that he wrote a book to prove the derivation of the soul's immortality, in the case of all the heirs of eternal life, from the hands of the episcopal order. Of this extravagant work, which it certainly requires a desperate effort to get through, we give the full title as a curiosity:—

An Epistolary Discourse, proving from the Scriptures and the first Fathers that the soul is a principle naturally mortal, but immor



talized actually by the pleasure of God to punishment; or to reward, by its union with the Divine baptismal Spirit. Wherein is proved that none have the power of giving this immortalizing Spirit, since the Apostles, but only Bishops.

By his theory of the natural mortality of the human soul, Dodwell flattered himself that he got rid of several serious theological difficulties. It seemed to him to "clear the Catholic doctrine of original sin from exposing mankind to eternal torments for the single and personal act of Adam;" to account easily for the doctrine of reprobation; and to relieve theology from the difficulty of finding a reason "why the sins of finite creatures should be punished with infinite penalties." Like some in our own day, Dodwell appears to have forgotten that to deny human nature a native spiritual faculty is as good as to deny human responsibility altogether, and reduce religion to mere fatalism. To our mind there is something peculiarly grim and revolting in his defence against the charge of letting off sinners too easily. "I do not think," he wrote in the "Præmonition" to the second edition, "that any adult person whatsoever, living where Christianity is professed, and the motives of its credibility are sufficiently proposed, can hope for the benefit of actual mortality." What he meant was, as the title of his book shows, that the souls of unbelievers, instead of being allowed to become extinct according to their natural constitution, would be miraculously endowed with the gift of imperishableness at death, for the purpose of rendering them capable of enduring endless pain. Can the vanity of speculation, we would ask, upon this inscrutable and awful subject be more forcibly shown than it is by the fact that this amiable theorist could imagine himself to be smoothing away difficulties, by flinging out with a light heart the ghastly notion, that naturally mortal souls shall be "immortalized actually by the pleasure of God to punishment"?

Of a very different temper from Dodwell's was the next most prominent of the original Nonjurors, Dean Hickey, who had been selected, on Sancroft's recommendation to become one of the first two bishops of the schism. He was the fire-eater of the party, pugnacious to an extreme, and fanatical enough to regard the peace of the realm and the interests of the Church at large as trifles in comparison with the maintenance of the doctrine of non-resistance. He had been a fellow of Lincoln College, Oxford, from whence he was pro-

moted to the deanery of Worcester. Of his intellectual ability and the sincerity with which he professed his extreme opinions there can be no question; and especially as an Anglo-Saxon scholar, and the author of the great *Thesaurus* of northern languages, he has left behind him a good reputation for learning. But as an ecclesiastical controversialist he was as bitter and one-sided as he was voluminous. At Tillotson he did not scruple to fling the epithet of atheist, and even Ken was dubbed by him "a half-hearted wheedler." On the nomination of a successor to his deanery after the time of grace for taking the oath of allegiance had expired, the world was amused by the vehement protest which he affixed to the cathedral doors, warning the chapter to beware of permitting any infringement of his legal rights. It has been embalmed in one of the satirical pamphlets which flew thickly about in those days of anonymous scribbling, entitled "Passive Obedience in Active Resistance," a sentence or two of which will be enough to show its pungent flavor:—

How he stormed, foamed, fumed, and swaggered against sovereign authority, and tore the very curtains of his stall for madness and vexation; and in what a rage he signified his vain fury to the sub-dean and the rest of the prebendaries! . . . Heavens! who could have thought that Christian, lamblike, passive obedience could have flustered and blustered and ranted and hectorated at this rate!

We have already seen how strenuously he opposed the reunion of the party with the national Church, after the death of Lloyd in 1710, and, unhappily, succeeded in persuading a moiety of it to keep up the schism. Nothing can better evince his irreconcilable temper, than the small volume which he wrote on the occasion, though not published till after his death, entitled, "The Constitution of the Catholic Church, and the Nature and Consequences of Schism." In substance it consists of thirty-nine articles of ecclesiastical doctrine, enunciated in the loftiest tone of infallibility, and followed by a fortieth which declares the application of them to the existing state of things.

Among the first generation of Nonjurors a front rank must be accorded to Charles Leslie, son of an Irish bishop, and best remembered now for the small treatise of some forty pages which he wrote against the deists. In the recent biography of this acute controversialist, named at the head of our article, the reader will find ample particulars of his life and multifarious writings, but will be disappointed

if he expects it to furnish him with any discriminating appreciation of its subject. Ecclesiastical pedants, who think to measure the world by patristic precedents and canonical rules, are not exactly the persons best qualified to take a large view of the affairs of nations, or of the characters and policy of statesmen, as in the whirl and rush of human aims and passions the destinies of mankind are accomplished. If by an unkind fortune such persons should be betrayed into meddling with these high themes, narrowness and eccentricity of treatment are but too likely to ensue. Luckily for our space, Mr. Leslie has enabled us to produce in a single sentence evidence from which it is easy to judge, how far he is affected by this kind of disqualification for historical criticism. Having occasion to mention the death of William III., to whom, whatever were his faults, we suppose no sane student of history can deny that both England and Protestant Europe owe no small debt of gratitude, Mr. Leslie singles out for notice the pathetic clinging to the Earl of Portland of the dying monarch, for the purpose of hanging upon it the astonishing remark, that it "relieved with a solitary ray of light his dark and terrible career." We venture to submit that serious history is not to be constructed on the assumption, that a denial of the divine right of legitimacy is the one fatal heresy in politics, and to be the instrument of emancipating a nation from despotism the one unpardonable sin. If in the thick of the pressure and turmoil of our revolutionary period some shadow of an excuse for entertaining such a view might have been pleaded, it has certainly long since ceased to be available. We can feel amused when we read such slashing invective of Charles Leslie's as the following excerpt from his works: "I now say that a Whig is not so good as a Pagan; are not these men literally heathens? They are worse than Mahometans. Your giving heed to these men, or bidding them God-speed, is directly enlisting yourselves under the banner of the devil." But his biographer must pardon us if a somewhat different feeling is excited by the reproduction of such sentiments, now that the heat and passion of the Revolution are removed from us by a couple of centuries.

On the title-page of the biography, Leslie is defined by the expression, "Non-juring divine." It is true that in the Oxford edition of 1832 his theological works fill seven volumes in octavo; but all the

same we should class him as a politician rather than a theologian. His mind was of the legal order, both by native complexion and by training. After graduating at Dublin, he studied law at the Temple, and was called to the English bar. It was only want of success which took him back to Ireland several years later, where he entered into holy orders, and became a benefited clergyman, a county magistrate, and chancellor of the diocese of Connor. On his return to London after being deprived for refusing the oaths, he plunged into controversy, and became celebrated as one of the hardest hitters of the time. Wherever Churches, sects, or parties were contending, Leslie smelt the battle from afar, and rushed to join in the fray. His seven volumes of theology are entirely controversial, the Quakers being the foe in the larger part of them. As to their general style and temper, perhaps the less said the better. Such titles as "The snake in the grass," "Satan disrobed from his disguise of light," "The wolf stripped of his shepherd's clothing," savor more of the keen, satirical polemic, than the edifying divine. They are all hopelessly dead now; even the once famous "Short and Easy Method with the Deists," the tone of which is happily unexceptionable. Of this little performance it is enough to say, that it was written in consequence of a request for "one topic of reason which should demonstrate the truth of the Christian religion;" and as only in an age when the apologetics of faith had become mechanical and rationalistic could the enterprise of demolishing the walls of the deistic citadel by a single blast have been deemed possible, the attempt, however ingenious, was doomed to fail. The divine authority of the doctrine of Christ is certainly not to be established by the single assertion, that the two institutions of baptism and the eucharist may be historically traced back to the first century of our era; and in that assertion the entire substance of the "Short and Easy Method" is contained.

Leslie's versatility as a controversialist is best shown in his periodical, the *Rehearsal*, which for more than four years he maintained single-handed, issuing it in a small sheet at first weekly, and afterwards twice a week, till, when the four hundred and eighth number was reached, a threat of prosecution brought it to an end. The title, he says, was taken from "that most humorous and ingenious of our plays;" and its purpose was "to unravel the more pernicious papers and pamphlets

of this age," or as he put it in his racier phrase, "to roast the Whigs." In this curious medley argument, sarcasm, irony, buffoonery, were poured forth with unstinted profuseness, in the dramatic form of dialogue, not without effect, it would seem, in stimulating disaffection towards the Revolution settlement. At any rate Leslie began to feel the country too hot for him, and took refuge for a time in the Pretender's little court at Bar-le-duc, where he was permitted to officiate as an Anglican chaplain, and was the usual medium of communication between the Nonjurors and the exiled Stuarts. He died in Ireland in 1722, in the communion of that section of his party which adhered to the Book of Common Prayer, and rejected the usages introduced by Collier and Brett.

From the list of the original Nonjurors the name of the elder Sherlock ought not to be entirely omitted, although it was only for a few months that he was associated with them. If we may judge from the howl of execration with which his speedy desertion was greeted, they must have put a very high value on his adherence to their cause. Next to their episcopal leaders, he was certainly the most conspicuous personage of the party. Having himself published a work in favor of the doctrine of non-resistance, he scrupled to acknowledge William and Mary, and incurred suspension from the mastership of the Temple; but prior to actual deprivation he professed himself convinced by a passage in Bishop Overall's convocation-book, that the authorized Anglican doctrine included *de facto* princes among "the powers that are ordained of God," took the oath of allegiance, retained his office, and was shortly after promoted to the deanery of St. Paul's. One good fruit was borne by his suspension, for it produced his immensely popular "Discourse concerning Death," celebrated in Prior's verse:—

Easy in words thy style, in sense sublime,  
On its blest steps each age and sex may rise;  
'Tis like the ladder in the patriarch's dream,  
Its foot on earth, its height above the skies.  
Diffused its virtue, boundless is its power,  
'Tis public health and universal cure;  
Of heavenly manna 'tis a second feast,  
A nation's food, and all to every taste.

A shower of lampoons celebrated his recantation, and are worth noticing, not for their intrinsic merit, but as illustrating the miry clay which was mixed with the better metal of the party. Trimmer, turncoat, smock-peckt, were epithets freely

flung at him, the last expressing the popular opinion, that he was bullied into swearing by his wife. "There goes Dr. Sherlock with his reasons for taking the oath at his fingers' ends!" was the cry, as he handed her along St. Paul's Churchyard. In one of the street ballads which has escaped oblivion, he is made to recite boastfully how often he had canted, recanted, and canted again, to the chorus,—

A turncoat is a cunning man,  
That cants to admiration;  
And prays for any king, to gain  
The people's admiration.

Of another, entitled "The Weasel Uncased," an idea may be formed from this stanza:—

His spouse, like Job's wife, to ease his heart-  
aching,  
Did press him to swear that he was mistaken,  
Though some think it was for to save his  
bacon,

Which nobody can deny.

Again, in a more elaborate poem, published under the title of "The Weasils, a Satirical Fable," he is represented as making his confession. A visitor accosts him:—

Declare as you would merit to be blessed,  
Why you refused so long, why swore at last;  
Was not a female serpent in the case?  
Was't not your wife?

To which he makes answer:—

To say the truth it was,  
Profit with argument my heart did win,  
Fixed my long wavering faith and drew me in;  
Her flowing reasons mine in public brought,  
etc.

A curious coincidence is mentioned in Noble's continuation of Granger's "Biographical History of England." Sherlock's son, it may be remembered, became like his father master of the Temple, and was promoted in succession to the sees of Bangor, Salisbury, and London, and had the refusal of the primacy. Now it was just after the victory of the Boyne that the father gave in his adherence to William III., and just after the victory at Preston that the son pronounced in favor of George I., in a sermon from the Temple pulpit, of which the benchers caustically remarked, it was a pity it had not been preached at least the Sunday before. The circumstance gave rise to the epigram:—

As Sherlock the elder, with his *jure* divine,  
Did not comply till the battle of Boyne,  
So Sherlock the younger still made it a ques-  
tion,

Which side he would take till the battle of  
Preston.

Of those who were responsible for shaping the policy of the Nonjuring party in the second generation, the palm must be awarded to Jeremy Collier, a man in whom learning was allied to wit, and both were wielded by a singularly audacious and resolute will. Being deprived of the lectureship of Gray's Inn for refusing to take the oaths, he immediately came to the front as an assailant of the Revolution, in a small pamphlet, "The Desertion Discussed," which argued that the king's flight, being the result of coercion, could not be lawfully construed as vacating the throne. For this production Collier was arrested on the charge of sedition. In 1692 he was again incarcerated, on suspicion of holding communication with the ex-king; on which occasion he showed his unyielding temper by preferring to lie in prison, rather than by giving bail to admit the authority of King William's courts of justice. Four years later he was once more embroiled with the law. When Friend and Perkins were executed at Tyburn for a plot against William's life, Collier, accompanied by two other Nonjuring clergymen, took his place on the scaffold by their side, and at the last moment administered absolution to them with solemn imposition of hands. The audacity of this public act of defiance created an immense sensation. The two archbishops and ten of their suffragans, who happened to be at hand, issued a declaration, commenting severely on the "irregular and scandalous proceedings." To escape an indictment in the King's Bench for treason, Collier absconded and was outlawed, and apparently remained so till his death in 1726, the government wisely declining to take any further notice of him. There was better work for him to do than playing at sedition. In the corruption which had infected the English drama since the Restoration, he found a far worse evil to attack than the Revolution settlement could have been even in the most prejudiced eyes. To this combat he girded himself with all the energy of his nature, and struck a giant's blow in his "Short View of the Profaneness and Immorality of the English Stage," published in 1698. This work, rugged in style but rich in sarcasm and pitiless in its force, together with the subsequent defences of it against Congreve and other playwrights, forms Collier's best claim to the remembrance and gratitude of posterity. His indictment was unanswerable. He beat the wits at their own weapons. Johnson says in his "Life of Congreve: "

His onset was violent; those passages, which while they stood single had passed with little notice, when they were accumulated and exposed together, excited horror; the wise and the pious caught the alarm; and the nation wondered why it had so long suffered irreligion and licentiousness to be openly taught at the public charge. The dispute was protracted through ten years; but at last comedy grew more modest, and Collier lived to see the reward of his labor in the reformation of the theatre.

No sooner had the defeated playwrights laid down their arms, than Collier found a new vent for his irrepressible energy in writing his many-volumed "Ecclesiastical History;" a work which provoked numerous attacks for its bias towards a narrow ecclesiasticism, but was on that account the stronger recommendation of him for the episcopate, when the Nonjuring communion found it expedient to proceed to fresh consecrations. But, if Collier's learning and reputation threw lustre on the little band of irreconcilables, he was none the less one of the causes of their ruin. His headstrong temper produced a new split, and alienated more than ever the sympathy of the nation from their cause. Their only chance of permanence lay in union and moderation; and this Collier deliberately sacrificed to indulge his individual preference for such liturgical usages as the mixed chalice, oblation of the elements, and prayers for the dead. In vain were the remonstrances of prudence and the shafts of satire. "The gentleman late of the communion of the Church of England, but now of his own," went on his reckless way, dragging after him a small muster of Essentialists, as the innovators were nicknamed by the conservatives, and an additional nail was driven into the Nonjurors' coffin.

A word must be given to Collier's colleague, Spinckes, raised at the same time to the episcopate, but of a very different temperament. Almost equally learned, he was far more eminent in the gentle graces of the spirit. It is recorded of him that for thirty-nine years his good temper never once failed. Devoted to his books, over which he would pore from fourteen to sixteen hours daily, his simplicity of life was such that to escape the temptation to indulge himself with a fire during the winter, he cased in with book-shelves the chimney-piece of his study. The public were indebted to him for two very popular books: one, a compilation of prayers entitled "The True Church of England Man's Companion for the Closet;" the other, an original and larger work, "The

"Sick Man Visited," which treats of every topic connected with the pastor's ministrations in the chamber of sickness. This is thrown into the form of dialogue, the names of the various interlocutors being all of classical type, in accordance with the taste of the age. The sick man himself figures under the peculiarly uncouth name of Anchithanes, rather a pompous disguise for "one near unto death."

It was under Collier, and his other colleague, Brett, learned in liturgies, that the seceding Usagers, styling themselves "the Catholic and orthodox remnant of the British Church," played the curious little comedy of negotiating on equal terms for an alliance with the Greek Church. One cannot but wonder that Mr. Lathbury should have treated the transaction seriously, and considered it of "especial interest." For any one possessed of the slightest sense of humor, we should deem it scarcely possible to peruse with gravity the documents in which the insignificant handful of sectaries coolly invites the four patriarchs of the stately and immovable communion of the East to change their faith and their liturgy, and offers them in return leave to celebrate divine service occasionally in St. Paul's according to the Greek ritual, "if it should please God to restore the suffering Church of this island and her bishops to her and their just rights." To accept that offer, whatever it might be worth, the patriarchs showed no objection; but as for any change on their side, they replied with scarcely concealed scorn, "Our Oriental Church, the immaculate bride of the Lord, has never at any time admitted any novelty, nor will it at all allow of any." So the matter came to nothing, as might have been foreseen from the beginning, had not the Nonjuring Usagers been hopelessly devoid of common sense in ecclesiastical matters.

It would be tedious to unearth from merited oblivion the names of the later leaders of the sect, whose minds seemed to contract *pari passu* with the contraction of their dwindling communion; but there remains one commonly ranked with them, which is too deserving of respect to be passed over, and with it we shall close our list. It is that of William Law, the author of the "Serious Call." In Mr. Overton's work, mentioned above, will be found the fullest and most discriminating account of this remarkable man which has yet appeared; and we can commend the volume as being of a very different calibre from the more recent "Life of Leslie" already

noticed. One thing only at the outset has struck us as curious. It is this, that the author, while continually insisting on Law's logical acumen and rigid consistency of conduct, apparently fails to see that, in becoming a Nonjuror at all, he performed the feat which has been described as turning one's back on one's self. The circumstances were these. A few months before the death of Queen Anne, Law, then a young clerical fellow of Emmanuel College, Cambridge, preached and published a thanksgiving sermon for the peace of Utrecht, and wound up with a flaming assertion of "the divinity of our sovereign's authority, and the absolute passive obedience we owe her." Now as Law could not possibly be ignorant that Anne reigned by a Parliamentary title, to the exclusion of the Pretender, who on the principles of legitimacy was the rightful sovereign, this language, strictly interpreted, could only mean that the Parliamentary title had conveyed to her the divine right on which the Nonjurors took their stand, and, as a necessary consequence, had withdrawn it from the Pretender. Yet no sooner had the first George succeeded her, having exactly the same Parliamentary title, than Law's conscience revolted against the oaths, and without a moment's hesitation he threw up his fellowship and his ministerial office, and retired into private life. We have his own explanation of this step, in a letter written on the occasion to his brother, but it leaves the difficulty unsolved. What he says is this:—

What can be more heinously wicked than heartily to wish the success of a person on account of his right, and at the same time in the most solemn manner, in the presence of God, and as you hope for mercy, swear that he has no right at all?

But that the Pretender had no right is exactly what Law's recent sermon had implied, by asserting in the most emphatic terms that the right resided in Anne; and to account for his conduct we are compelled to fall back on the supposition, that his language had been moulded on the absurd Jacobite fiction which pretended that Anne merely occupied the throne as a warming-pan for her brother, and was provisionally possessed of the divine right as his *locum tenens*.

When it has been said that Law refused to take the oaths at the accession of George I., the whole of his connection with the Nonjurors has been mentioned. He never joined himself to either section



of the party, never wrote a word in their favor, never even, as far as appears, made personal acquaintance with any of them. Secession from the Established Church did not enter into his thoughts; to the end of his life he continued to attend its services with invariable regularity. Whatever weight attaches to his name, not an atom of it can be claimed for the schism. On this account it might almost be urged that he has no title to be represented in our little gallery of portraits. But he is too interesting a character to be entirely passed over; and what we shall attempt is, not to reproduce the facts of his uneventful life which Mr. Overton's work has made familiar, but with a few strokes to depict the man himself, chiefly with the view of explaining why his reputation has fallen so far below the level to which his moral and intellectual qualities seemed likely to raise it.

By natural endowment Law was eminently fitted for controversy. Whether castigating Hoadley's low-Churchism, vindicating morality against Mandeville's cynical Hobbism, or confuting Tindal's exaltation of reason at the expense of Revelation, he wielded the weapons of logic and satire with notable effect, and seldom failed to detect and pierce the weak spots in his opponent's armor. But the qualities which did such good service in demolition were less efficient in construction; and it is by building up, not by pulling down, that enduring reputation as a spiritual guide is achieved. To apply religion practically to the regulation of human life in its modern developments requires a breadth of experience and a comprehensiveness of view which Law's secluded life denied him, and his ascetic intensity of disposition indisposed him to value. Life with us is a much larger and more complex thing than he had any idea of; it is not to be satisfactorily parcelled out between devotions of the closet and acts of charity, nor to be summed up in the single duty of renouncing the world. Law's masterpiece, the "Serious Call," with all its intense earnestness, its downright precision, its lively sketches and keen satire, is a splendid failure, because by every one, except recluses, what it demands in the name of religion is at once felt to be impracticable. The model of a perfect life propounded in it is the example of those who, "renouncing the common business and common enjoyments of life, as riches, marriage, honors, and pleasures, devoted themselves to voluntary poverty, virginity, devotion, and re-

tirement."\* Even for the less aspiring, to whose weakness some indulgence is due, the demand is not abated below the imitation of those with whom "watching and prayers, self-denial and mortification, were the common business of their lives." No room is left for any of the great interests, political, social, artistic, scientific, which exercise and train the faculties of mankind, and are the cement and adornment of civilized life; they belong to the world and with the world they must be renounced. As the mind is to be despoiled of all its furniture, so must the body be of all its grace and ease. "A saint genteelly dressed is as great nonsense as an apostle in an embroidered suit." Every meal is to be an exercise of self-denial, and we are to humble our bodies every time that we are forced to feed them. The nearer a house approaches to a monastery, with its continual round of devotions, the more will it conform to the ideal of the devout life. Here is the model which Law proposes for imitation in the sketch of Eusebia, a well-born, wealthy widow with five daughters:—

Her family has the same regulation as a religious house, and all its orders tend to the support of a constant regular devotion. She, her daughters, and her maids, meet together at all the hours of prayer in the day, and chant psalms and other devotions, and spend the rest of their time in such good works and innocent diversions as render them fit to return to their psalms and prayers.

The absolute sincerity with which Law propounded his scheme of a religious life, was evinced by the endeavor to fashion his own life according to it. He remained unmarried upon principle, holding in abomination the sight of "reverend doctors in sacerdotal robes making love to women." One cannot help laughing at his suggestion of the incongruity there would be in our Lord's austere forerunner, John the Baptist, making "an offering of his heart to some fine young lady of great accomplishments." When circumstances enabled him, after the end of his tutorship and residence in Mr. Gibbon's family, to form a home with two wealthy ladies at his native King's-Cliffe,\* the establish-

\* The Mr. Gibbon here mentioned was the grandfather of the historian. After losing most of his fortune on the bursting of the South Sea Bubble, he again became wealthy, and settled at Putney. Soon after 1720, Law entered his house as tutor to his only son, Edward, the father of the historian, and continued to reside there, as a sort of spiritual director of the household, down to the death of the old Mr. Gibbon, which took place in 1737, the year of the birth of his celebrated grandson. Besides Law's pupil, the family comprised two daughters, the future historian's aunts,

ment became a living embodiment of the doctrine expounded in the "Serious Call." Out of an income of 3,000*l.* a year, one-tenth only was spent on their united wants, the remaining nine-tenths being disbursed to the last penny in charity. The hours were divided between devotion and good works. Four times a day the whole household was assembled for lengthy religious exercises, beside the attendance at the parish church on litany days. Luxury, arts, amusements, all means of mental culture, were rigidly banished; all books even, except religious ones. Human learning was regarded as a temptation and a snare; even the arts of reading and writing were looked upon as somewhat doubtful blessings. With the rush of the great world as it swung on its way not a heart in that little circle beat in sympathy or hope. To observe with literal exactness all the precepts in the Sermon on the Mount was part of the scheme, and the result was an instructive one. When it was known that there were thousands of pounds to be given away, and that the rule "Give to him that asketh thee" was held to be imperative, the consequences could not be doubtful. A ragged levee became a daily institution, and the village swarmed with vagabonds and impostors, until the parishioners were provoked into presenting a petition to the magistrates for the abatement of the intolerable nuisance.

Now, beautiful for simplicity and conscientiousness as the character must have been, which in the England of the eighteenth century produced such a singular phenomenon as Law's household, we cannot wonder that it has failed to secure for him any permanent recognition of his competency to be a safe guide in religion. As soon as the question is asked, What would the world be like if it were universally fashioned on his type? the case is decided against him. Granting him to have possessed every qualification for a religious teacher, except the soundness of judgment which has its roots in a just conception of the genius of Christianity, and a practical acquaintance with the manifold aspects of human life, that single defect was a fatal one. It ran through his whole nature, and affected his theological speculation as

much as his conduct and habits. As years advanced with him it manifested itself under a new form in the spell thrown over his mind by the writings of Jacob Behmen, and in the strange theosophy which he borrowed from that extraordinary shoemaker to fill his later works. The unpractical and narrow idealist of the "Serious Call" naturally ripened into the mystic dreamer. With all our veneration for his transparently pure and conscientious character, and our admiration of his intellectual force, we cannot impugn the justice of the instinct which has consigned him to neglect, and turned to other quarters for guidance in the application of Christian doctrine to the manifold varieties of human life.

Of all the Nonjurors, to Law alone has it happened to have his character sketched by the pen of an almost contemporary writer of the first rank. Gibbon's description of him, in his well-known autobiography, would indeed have been more interesting if it had been framed from personal intercourse. It is very doubtful if he ever saw his father's old tutor, except possibly in infancy; for he was only six years old when Law buried himself in his cloistered life at King's-Cliffe, and twenty-three when Law died there. But the family tradition in some degree made up for the lack of personal acquaintance; and as it interested him sufficiently in Law to induce him to peruse several of his works, and to regard them with less of antipathy than he must otherwise have felt for writings so alien from his own cast of mind, his judgment has a real weight, and it may, as Dean Milman says, be pronounced on the whole a fair one. The following extracts give the substance of it:

In our family he left the character of a worthy and pious man, who believed all that he professed, and practised all that he enjoined. . . . His last compositions are darkly tintured by the incomprehensible visions of Jacob Behmen; and his discourse on the absolute unlawfulness of stage entertainments is sometimes quoted for a ridiculous intemperance of sentiment and language. . . . But these sallies of religious phrensy must not extinguish the praise which is due to Mr. William Law as a wit and a scholar. His argument on topics of less absurdity is specious and acute, his manner is lively, his style forcible and clear; and had not his vigorous mind been clouded with enthusiasm, he might be ranked with the most agreeable and ingenious writers of the times. . . . Mr. Law's masterwork, the "Serious Call," is still read as a popular and powerful book of devotion. His precepts are rigid, but they are founded

and said by him to have figured in the "Serious Call" as Miranda, the ascetic saint, and Flavia, the fashionable sinner—a statement which their youthfulness at the time when the book was written, and the author's position in the house, obviously require us to take with a great deal of qualification. The saintly one, Hester, who never married, was one of the two ladies—the other being Mrs. Hutcheson, a widow—with whom Law lived at King's-Cliffe from 1743 till his death in 1761.

on the Gospel; his satire is sharp, but it is drawn from the knowledge of human life; and many of his portraits are not unworthy of La Bruyère.

From the foregoing brief sketches of the leading English Nonjurors, it will be seen that the party, at least in its earlier days, contained, in proportion to its size, a large number of men who were estimable in character, and conspicuous for learning of a special kind. In some degree this was a natural result of the circumstances under which it came into existence. To refuse the oath of allegiance entailed sacrifices which only the conscientious were prepared to make. To be confidently persuaded that the national Church was fatally infected with heresy and schism, and must be abandoned as an unclean thing, simply because it included prelates who had accepted sees of which the Nonjuring bishops had been deprived, required a mind which had pored over the theories, traditions, and precedents of a narrow ecclesiasticism, till the sense of proportion was impaired, and the tithe of mint, anise, and cummin, loomed larger than the weightier matters of the law. That the Nonjurors were mistaken in the line which they took we have not concealed our opinion, and the nemesis of their error overtook them in their intestine divisions, their increasing extravagances, their rapid wasting away and extinction. If they might claim to be legitimately affiliated to the particular strain of Anglican sentiment which came into fashion under the Stuarts, it is no less certain that they were out of harmony with the broad stream of English thought, both civil and religious. We could not, indeed, adopt the harsh judgment which has been pronounced against them, that they "disappeared after doing less good, producing fewer eminent men, and leaving less permanent impression, than any other great ecclesiastical sect in English history." The spectacle of suffering for conscience, even though the conscience be a wrong-headed one, is never without nobility and fruitfulness. The witness, too, which they bore in an era of spiritual decadence for the divine authority of the Church's ministries, has a perpetual value. Yet this, on the whole, we venture to affirm, that their best title to the gratitude of posterity is the practical *reductio ad absurdum*, unconsciously wrought out by them, of the principles, political and ecclesiastical, which bound them together as a sect, and differentiated them from the national Church of their land.

From Good Words.

## MAJOR AND MINOR.

BY W. E. NORRIS.

AUTHOR OF "NO NEW THING," "MY FRIEND JIM,"  
"MADEMOISELLE MERSAC," ETC.

### CHAPTER XX.

#### MISS HUNTLEY ENTERTAINS.

IN the month of January Miss Huntley, grateful for much hospitality received, and conscious of having done nothing to mark her sense thereof, determined to give an evening entertainment. She would not call it a reception or a drum (because in spite of Miss Joy her age and position were hardly such as to warrant independent action), nor would she issue formal invitations; but she drove round to the houses of her acquaintances in Kingscliff and its vicinity, who by this time were very numerous, and begged them to drop in after dinner on a certain day and meet a few of their friends. And first of all she secured the presence and patronage of Lady Uttoxeter, who was the great personage of the county and a distant relation of Lady Clementina's. This showed that she understood what she was about; For Lady Uttoxeter turned up her nose (a fine Roman one) at Kingscliff and its villa residents, and would not advance beyond a bowing acquaintance even with the Greenwoods. Therefore, when it became known that her ladyship was going to drive over from the family place, twelve miles away, and dine and sleep under her kinswoman's roof, the good people all, both great and small, resolved that nothing should prevent them from paying their respects to a hostess so highly connected.

And on the appointed evening they came pouring in from all quarters, to the number of three hundred or thereabouts, inasmuch that Miss Huntley's pretty little villa was fairly choked with them, and Mr. Buswell, who was among the invited, calculated that, what with refreshments and lights, and the string band in the conservatory, the cost of this little affair must have run to £150 at least. He was kind enough to add that everything was in tip-top style, and that he couldn't have done it better himself.

By good fortune, the weather was of that soft and balmy description which Kingscliff does occasionally, though not very often, enjoy even in the month of January. From a cloudless sky the full moon looked down, making a silvery path across the still waters of the bay, interfering somewhat with the effect of the Chinese lanterns which were dotted about the

garden, and tempting amorous couples, of whom there were, of course, plenty among so many human beings, to stroll out into the cool night air. Indoors the scene was highly creditable to Miss Huntley's taste. The house had been beautified by some artistic furniture, and Persian rugs, and Syrian embroidery, and by many knick-knacks, imported from London; the lighting was very prettily contrived; the conservatory was filled with exotics; and the crush was so great that that alone would have ensured success; for, after all, the main thing is that a crush should be a crush.

Conspicuous upon a sofa near the door sat Lady Uttoxeter, with a select circle gathered round her, not exactly receiving the people, but putting up her eyeglass at them as they entered, and, when one or other of them made her an undecided sort of bow, acknowledging the salute with a wondering bob of the head, which seemed to say (though, of course, she would never really have uttered so low an ejaculation), "My good woman! who the dickens are you?"

Miss Huntley, in a white frock of costly simplicity, refused to take her stand in the place usually assumed by hostesses, but moved about among her guests, saying something pleasant to everybody and charming them all by the unpretending friendliness of her manner. Monckton, who arrived late, had some trouble to discover her, and, having done so, declared his intention of retiring forthwith.

"Do you call this meeting 'a few friends,' Miss Huntley?" he asked reproachfully; "and didn't I tell you that I never go to parties?"

"You go to dinner-parties, because I have met you at one," she returned. "Besides, if you look round, you won't see more than a few friends here. I don't believe you know who half of them are, and I'm sure I don't; though Miss Joy declares that they have all called upon me, and that I have returned their visits. Can I have called upon Mrs. Buswell, I wonder! I have got a mixed lot together, haven't I?"

"Well," answered Monckton, glancing at the four corners of the room, "you certainly don't seem to have been exclusive."

"We are under distinguished patronage, though. I hope Lady Uttoxeter's nose caught your attention as you entered. I intended it to be the feature of the evening, and I felt sure that it would lend tone to the proceedings; so, at the cost of some personal abasement, I persuaded the

old lady to come over and spend the night. Oh, I know why you smile; nevertheless, if a thing is worth doing at all, it is worth doing well. That is one of your own axioms; and I assure you that I couldn't have done this thing well without old Uttoxeter's countenance."

Since Brian's departure from Kingscliff Monckton and Miss Huntley had become friends. The latter had actually offered to undertake the duties of a district visitor, but had been candidly told that she was not the sort of person who would be likely to be useful in that capacity, and had submitted to her rejection with a good deal of equanimity. Pecuniary help, however, she had been allowed to bestow in various ways, and thus had been brought pretty constantly into contact with the vicar, whom she sometimes addressed with deep humility, sometimes assailed upon questions of doctrine, and sometimes tried to tease, according as her mood might happen to be. Some of the other ladies who were concerned in parochial work accused her of flirting with him, and liked her none the better for her supposed offence; because really it is unpardonable to flirt with the pope, and besides, they had all attempted to do the same thing in their day and had been repulsed. But the accusation was quite unfounded. It is probable enough that Miss Huntley would have liked to constitute Monckton her spiritual director; but he did not seem to be ambitious of acting that part, so she contented herself with making a friend of him. Upon the whole, they understood one another very well.

"Talking of successes," she resumed presently, "how is the future Beethoven getting on? I suppose you sometimes hear from him, don't you?"

"Do you mean Brian Segrave? He doesn't often write; but I believe he is getting on very fairly. I think I told you that he is organist at a suburban church."

"Yes, you did; and I can't say that that exactly realizes my conception of the high-road to fame."

"It is bread and butter."

"And very little more, I should imagine. A man who is contented to exist upon bread and butter is a lamentable spectacle. His brother wouldn't be so easily satisfied."

"I never said that Brian was satisfied," remarked Monckton; "but I do say that he has done a great deal better than I thought he would; and in one sense I think he has done a great deal better than his brother."

Miss Huntley brought a scrutinizing glance to bear upon her neighbor. "I observe," said she, "that you are prejudiced against that very sharp-witted young squire. Now I rather like sharp-witted people. He is going to sell a large slice of his property and make a fortune by it, I hear."

"Is he? I am not in his secrets," said Monckton, and turned away rather abruptly to speak to a friend who accosted him at that moment.

That Gilbert proposed to sell that part of his inheritance which abutted upon Kingscliff was no longer a secret, except in name. He had not mentioned his intentions to anybody, and consequently nobody had spoken about them to him; but they were pretty generally known and had met with no little criticism of one kind and another. What had given rise to even more comment was a persistent rumor to the effect that Mr. Segrave would offer himself as Liberal candidate for the division at the general election, which could not now be very far distant.

"I don't know whether it's true or not," Admiral Greenwood was saying that very evening to Sir John Pollington, who had led him into a corner hoping to obtain some information upon this point, "and I don't like to put the question to him in so many words; but from what I hear, I fancy that the local wire-pullers have got hold of him. As a Liberal myself, I ought to be glad of it; only —"

"Only, my dear Greenwood, you don't love a turncoat. Nor do I. If he stands, he'll get in — there isn't much doubt about that. But it will be at the price of losing all his father's old friends."

"Oh, come now, Pollington, that's hardly fair, is it?" protested the admiral. "That sort of thing amounts to intimidation, you know."

"All right; if I am liable to be prosecuted for declining to visit a man whom I don't like, by all means let them prosecute me," replied Sir John. "I am quite aware that this isn't a free country any longer. I shall continue to choose my own friends when I come out of prison all the same."

"Well, but after all, a man has a right to his opinions," the admiral urged.

"He has no right to change what he calls his opinions in order to secure a seat in Parliament," returned the other stubbornly. "That young fellow has attended a score of Conservative meetings to my certain knowledge, and if he chooses to rat now he must take the consequences. Maybe he won't care much."

The admiral rubbed his chin reflectively.

"Mrs. Greenwood," he observed, "says that it shows pluck and honesty on Gilbert's part to change his opinions — supposing that he has changed them. There's something in that, you know."

"I sincerely trust that difference of opinion will never alter the friendship that I feel for Mrs. Greenwood," replied Sir John, and so stalked away.

Certain it is that Sir John's views are those which meet with the most common acceptance, and doubtless it looks awkward for a man to change sides at a time when he may be supposed to derive personal advantage from so doing. Yet Gilbert was more sincere in calling himself a Liberal than he had been in calling himself a Conservative. What the future of England will be very few people seem to have the least idea; but democracies are not apt to be conservative, and a man who aspires to lead his compatriots had better, if he can, begin by placing himself in harmony with their tendencies. It was hardly in Gilbert's power to view any transaction from a higher moral standpoint. He took the world as it is, and made the best of it; which may, or may not, be the wise system, but was, at any rate, the only system possible to him. On thinking it over, he was quite sure that he was a Liberal at heart and, that being so, it seemed to him rather hard that men like Sir John Pollington should turn their backs upon him for having the courage of his convictions.

What both consoled him and earned his warmest gratitude was the spirit of blind faith in which Kitty Greenwood accepted all that he said and did. Love does not always lead to exalted actions; but that it elevates, softens, and refines human nature while it lasts, will perhaps be conceded. Gilbert's love for Kitty Greenwood was the best thing about him. It was genuine; it was disinterested; and it was grounded upon something more stable than a young man's infatuation for a pretty face. Kitty realized his ideal of what a woman and a wife ought to be. She was not over and above wise, yet had understanding enough to appreciate the wisdom of others; she was amiable and trusting, and had strong religious convictions. Gilbert liked women to have strong religious convictions, so long as these did not debar them from participating in the ordinary amusements of society. If he had not yet proposed to Miss Greenwood it was because, with characteristic prudence, he judged it best to wait until his bargain



with Buswell should be completed and the amount of his future income be no longer a matter of conjecture.

Meanwhile, by far the happiest hours of his life were those which he spent in her company. Apart from any other attractions that she may have had for him, he felt with her what he had not been able latterly to feel with any one else, unless it might be with her mother, that he was thoroughly believed in. The girl was herself so simple and honest that a part of her simplicity and honesty seemed to be transferred to him when he talked to her, and filled him with a sense of peace and well-being which he never experienced at any other time. And so, when Sir John Pollington resolutely declined to see him, and other influential guests of Miss Huntley's met his advances with gruff, monosyllabic replies, it was only natural that he should seek her out with a view to forgetting his chagrin.

He found her seated beside an open window, gazing at the moon; and Captain Mitchell, who was standing outside, with his elbows resting on the sill, said audibly, "Oh, if that fellow is coming I may as well be off, I suppose;" a proposition which Miss Greenwood did not see fit to dispute.

"You have found out the only retreat in the room where one can breathe," Gilbert remarked, seating himself sideways on the window-sill, whence Mitchell's arms had just been withdrawn. "What an extraordinary idea of Miss Huntley's to give a London crush down in these unsophisticated latitudes! Not a very happy idea, I think. She forgets that in London one can go away when one begins to be bored or asphyxiated, and that in Kingscliff one can't."

"Do you want to go away?" Kitty asked, raising her blue eyes to his face, with a suggestion of reproach in them.

He laughed. "I don't now; I did a minute ago. Why did you hide yourself behind the curtains?"

"I thought you knew where I was," she replied innocently; "but you seemed to have such a number of people to speak to that I hardly expected you to find me out. You didn't look bored."

"One has to disguise one's feelings even in Kingscliff society, and I wish some of the people whom I have been speaking to had been a shade more successful in disguising theirs. Most of them seem to honor me with a fine, hearty, bucolic hatred."

He spoke with such unusual bitter-

ness that Miss Greenwood looked quite alarmed. "Oh, why should you think that?" she exclaimed. "What have they been saying to you?"

"Not very much. One or two of them even went so far as to say nothing at all. I believe the truth is that they have got hold of a rather premature report about my standing at the next election. If I do come forward it will be as a Liberal, and that is what enrages them."

"Papa was talking about it," Miss Greenwood remarked pensively. "He said that people were indignant because you had altered your views; but why should you not be allowed to do that just as much as Mr. Gladstone, and Lord Derby, and ever so many others?"

"The old story, I suppose; one man may steal a horse, while another mayn't look over a hedge. Not that I admit having stolen a horse, or done anything equivalent to it. During my father's lifetime I was by way of being a Tory, because he was one, and because our family have always taken that side, and also because I really felt very little interest in the matter. But when it was suggested to me that I might possibly enter Parliament, I had to examine myself, in order to see whether I had any political convictions about me, and I found that I had, and that they were Liberal convictions. But these wisecracks are a great deal too clever to believe that. They will say—in fact I suppose they are already saying—that I chose the side which looked most like winning."

"It does not matter what they say!" cried Miss Kitty, flushing up at the bare idea of such calumny.

Gilbert smiled. "What people say always matters," he returned; "but in this case it won't trouble me much, so long as *you* don't listen to them."

He was fond of making speeches of that kind; he liked to watch their effect upon her, to see her eyelids drop and her color come and go, and to hug himself in the knowledge that these pretty signs of confusion were a tribute paid to him alone. For Miss Greenwood had had plenty of ardent admirers, and it was no novel sensation to her to be flattered. She did not reply, thinking, perhaps, that no reply was necessary; and presently he said,—

"I dare say you have heard a good many unpleasant remarks made about me of late. Some charitable persons—your friend, Mr. Monckton, for instance—accuse me of having treated my brother badly, I believe."

"No; not Mr. Monckton; he would not be likely to say that even if he thought it. But I know it has been said by others." She added, after a moment's hesitation and with something of an effort, "Does your brother himself think that you have treated him badly?"

"I am sorry to say that he does. He thinks Beckton ought to be his, you know."

"But it isn't your fault that Beckton was not left to him. He has no right to blame you for that; only——"

"Only what? Please don't mind speaking out; I shan't be offended."

"I don't like to think of his being reduced to the position of a church organist, that's all. I dare say I may be quite wrong, but I can't help feeling as if something rather better than that might have been found for him."

"Surely you don't imagine that I turned him out of doors! I was ready and anxious to give him an allowance which would have made him independent of any employment; but he refused to accept a penny from me, or to be satisfied with anything short of my surrendering the estate to him. As I wouldn't, and, indeed, couldn't do that, he went away in a huff."

"Then I think he behaved very ungratefully and very cruelly," cried Kitty. "And yet," she added, relenting a little, "I suppose it must have seemed very hard to him. Perhaps, if we had been in his place, we should have been unjust too."

Gilbert shrugged his shoulders. "Possibly I might have been; I don't think you would. But what can I do?"

"Couldn't you—it is very presumptuous of me to preach to you, I know—but couldn't you, after a time, go and see him, and try to make friends again? He may have been angry and unfair at first, but I am sure he hasn't a bad heart."

"I am sure that you have a very good one," said Gilbert, smiling. "I doubt whether my seeking out Brian will be of much use, but I will do it very gladly to please you. At any rate, you don't doubt my willingness to help him, I hope?"

"Oh no!" she answered. And then she agreed to his proposal that they should stroll out into the garden, where doubtless they found pleasanter subjects to talk about than Brian and his wilfulness.

A little later it occurred to Miss Huntley that she would take the air, and see what nature and art had done for the outdoor part of her entertainment. Stepping

quickly across the grass, she caught sight of Gilbert and Kitty Greenwood, as they paced side by side down one of the paths, and saw also the figure of a tall, broad-shouldered man, who appeared to be following their movements with interest, and whose attitude expressed deep mental dejection. To this solitary watcher she drew near, and tapped him lightly on the shoulder with her fan.

"Are you contemplating the moon, Captain Mitchell?" she inquired. "The moon is a valuable satellite. She causes the tide to run out for the benefit of sanitary engineers and shrimpers; she sets the sap flowing in the trees, and makes our hair grow, and serves a variety of other useful purposes, such as lighting up the landscape at appropriate times; but it's no use crying for her, you know, Captain Mitchell."

"I am not crying for the moon," returned Mitchell rather doggedly, for he thought Miss Huntley might just as well mind her own business.

"Oh, but you are though! and perhaps some day you will get—well, not the moon, but something quite as disappointing. Still, if it is what you wanted you won't be able to complain. Would you like to have me for an ally?"

"Thank you," answered Mitchell hesitatingly; "but really I don't quite understand."

"In plain terms, then, I am on your side in this affair. I like Kitty Greenwood; I think she is a dear, good little soul, and that she would be perfectly miserable with Mr. Segrave, whose character is too complicated for her comprehension. Now, to me complicated characters are full of attraction. Don't you think it would be a righteous deed to separate that couple?"

Mitchell shook his head. "It's too late, I'm afraid."

"Well, if it's too late, it's too late. All the same, I wouldn't give up hope yet if I were you. I suppose you aren't capable of entering upon a violent flirtation with somebody else, are you?"

"Certainly not," answered Mitchell decisively.

"No; you don't look as if you were. But you can keep in the background and possess your soul in patience perhaps?"

"Oh, yes! I can do that," replied Mitchell, who indeed had given ample proof of his powers in the direction specified.

"Do so, then; and when you want to pour out your griefs and be comforted come to me. Perhaps, later on, a more active part may be assigned to you. This

is an offensive and defensive alliance ; and it's a secret one, if you please."

With that she left him to place his own interpretation upon the encouragement vouchsafed to him.

"All very fine," said he to the moon ; "but supposing that she is clever enough and handsome enough to turn the fellow's head — which I suppose is her game — what good will that do to me?"

The moon making no reply, and Gilbert and Kitty having vanished among the trees, he walked away, shaking his head dubiously as he went.

## CHAPTER XXI.

### BRIAN GETS INTO TROUBLE.

MISS KITTY GREENWOOD and other kindly persons wasted a good deal of pity upon Brian, who, while they were commiserating him for his misfortunes, was far from being an unhappy man. Happy indeed are those who love music, and happier still those who have mastered the technicalities of the musical art. For them life can never seem quite empty, nor its darkest days without gleams of light. Brian hired a piano, considering that his present earnings justified an expenditure of twenty-five shillings a month upon that luxury ; and so, although most of his leisure time was spent in solitude, he did not feel lonely, nor was he disposed to repine at his lot. Of Beatrice Huntley he thought constantly ; only he thought of her as one utterly and finally separated from him. His love for her had not cooled, would not, as he believed, ever cool ; but it was a hopeless love ; and when a man becomes hopeless he ceases, at least, to fret himself. The truly miserable lovers are those who fancy that there may be a possible hope for them when in reality there is no hope at all.

As for the choir of St. Jude's they were one and all delighted with their organist. He had infinite patience ; he took infinite pains with them ; little by little, he succeeded in raising the level of the services ; in time he obtained the consent of Mr. Peareth, who had previously obtained that of Dubbin, Prodgers and Co., to put the boys into surplices ; he managed — though that was a work of greater difficulty — to get rid of some of the more brazen-voiced and dull-eared of the men. However, he could not get rid of the young women. Mr. Peareth laughed softly and rubbed his hands together when Brian lamented over the apparent impossibility of accomplishing this reform. Mr. Peareth under-

stood, if Brian did not, why the damsels of North Streatham were so reluctant to desist from their weekly labors. Had they not besieged him with questions as to the antecedents of the mysterious and distinguished young gentleman who was pleased to preside over them ? And had not he himself been a bachelor and a curate once upon a time ? He laughed and said nothing. He did not think that his organist was in much danger of falling a victim to the wiles of suburban sirens, and he admired the young fellow's complete freedom from self-consciousness.

Mr. Peareth, it is true, did not know that Brian had fallen into the habit of walking home with Miss Sparks every Friday afternoon, when the choir practice was over. Had he been aware of that, he might have spoken a word or two of warning ; and indeed Brian himself would, perhaps, not have allowed Miss Sparks to have her way in this particular, had he not been under the impression that her engagement to Mr. Dubbin rendered her a perfectly safe person to walk with. He was sorry for her ; he imagined, absurdly enough, that it cheered her up to saunter homewards across the fields with a companion who could explain to her the difference between the modern school of composers and that of the last century, and was able to tell her in what respects the former excelled, and in what it fell short of the standard of its forerunner. Miss Sparks did not care a straw about either ; but she listened, swallowing her yawns, because she was a woman, if not a very refined one, and therefore knew that in the matter of conversation the concession must come from her side. It was only every now and then that she alluded, with a deep sigh, to her "fate," and hinted that nature had designed her for quite another mate than a wholesale boot and shoe manufacturer of mature age. Brian's replies were so discreet in substance that they might have been published in the local newspaper ; but his tones were soft and his sympathies were enlisted on behalf of the poor girl. For, in truth, to be married to a Dubbin did seem an appalling prospect for any human being to look forward to.

One believes without great difficulty what one wishes to believe. Miss Sparks, who had made Brian the central figure of a lengthy conjectural romance, ended by not only taking her fancies for facts, but by persuading herself that this Prince Charming was ready to cast himself, at a given signal, at her feet. A similar proc-

ess had long ago convinced her that all her attributes were aristocratic, and that she was destined to take a prominent place in the highest society of the land and the period. Now it was manifest that she never could fulfil her destiny as Mrs. Dubbin; no fancy, however untrammelled, could picture Dubbin, with his bushy beard, his shaven upper lip, his enormous hands (from which neither soap nor nail-brush could wholly remove professional stains), and his loud, rasping voice, mixing in the highest society of the land. The thing was impossible; and so Miss Sparks told her mother, who was partly in her confidence, and who could not but agree with her. Mrs. Sparks was fat and lazy and addicted to the reading of old-fashioned novels, in which the hero was very frequently of the Lord of Burleigh order. She believed her Julia to be fitted to adorn any station, and although, since she was nearly sixty years of age, she deemed a Dubbin in the hand worth two Prince Charmings in the bush, and consequently would not hear of such a thing as a rupture with her affianced son-in-law, she made sundry private inquiries of which the result was highly satisfactory to her. She learned upon the best authority—that, namely, of her neighbor Mrs. Jones, whose information came from Mrs. Prodders, who had been told by Mrs. Peareth, who had had it from Mr. Peareth himself—that Brian belonged to an ancient and honorable family, that he was the eldest son of the late Sir Brian Segrave, that he had left his home owing to a dispute with his relations, in which they had been entirely in the wrong, and that his present seclusion was not likely to be permanent. She could not refrain from imparting this news to Julia, nor could she help rounding off the story and making it complete by the not unnatural deduction that the organist of St. Jude's must be a baronet, with a large rent-roll.

Thus it came to pass that Miss Sparks was permitted to enjoy her Friday afternoon walks without let or hindrance, while Mr. Dubbin, who, on that as on most days of the week, was safe at his place of business in Bermondsey, devoted his unsuspecting mind to leather and porpoise-hide. It was somewhat strange that, in that populous neighborhood, so long a period should have elapsed before any lady felt it right to let that great and good man know of the goings-on which took place in his absence; but of course the warning came at last; and though he pooh-poohed it and severely snubbed his informant, he

resolved to judge for himself whether she was a calumniator or not.

Week succeeded week; winter passed away; spring came, with bleak east winds, with occasional bursts of sunshine, and, finally, with a sprinkling of vivid green upon the trees and hedgerows which the London smoke had blackened; yet Miss Sparks did not advance much with the supposed baronet, and it behoved her to expedite matters, seeing that her wedding was appointed to be solemnized shortly after Easter. Therefore, on a mild, sunshiny afternoon, when she had, as usual, secured Brian's escort, it seemed good to her to ask, with sudden impressiveness,—

"Mr. Segrave, can it ever be right to marry without love?"

"That might depend a little upon circumstances, might it not?" answered Brian. "I should be sorry to say that such a thing could never be right."

"Well, at any rate, deceit must be wrong."

"Oh, yes; deceit is wrong, of course."

"And I live in an atmosphere of deception!" cried Miss Sparks, throwing out her arms tragically.

Brian said he was sorry to hear it.

"Yes; I am engaged—I am going to be married—to a man whom I do not love. You cannot imagine that I am in love with Mr. Dubbin!"

"Well, no," agreed Brian. "For the matter of that, I cannot imagine anybody being in love with Mr. Dubbin. But then I should think he wouldn't expect it."

"Ah," sighed Miss Sparks, "I don't know what he expects. Oh, how will it all end?"

The tears were so evidently at hand that Brian, to calm her, said, "Why should you marry the man, if you would rather not? Nobody can force you into it."

"But I have promised, and I have no excuse for drawing back. And oh, he is such a coarse, vulgar man, and I do so hate vulgarity! I should like to go away from Streatham and never see the place again. I am sure you must sympathize with me, Mr. Segrave; it must be a daily torture to one of your refined nature to live amongst such people."

Brian smiled; this was a speech which Miss Sparks had made to him several times already. "I think there are pleasant people in all ranks of society," he said.

"Oh, one or two, perhaps," assented Miss Sparks, thinking of herself; "but with most of them you cannot possibly have anything in common. And then,

Mr. Segrave," she continued, raising her eyes to Brian's for an instant, "don't you sometimes feel as I do, that you are living — forgive me! — in an atmosphere of deception?"

"Really I can't say that I do," answered Brian, laughing. "I am not conscious of having deceived anybody."

At this point their path across the fields was barred by a stile. The melancholy Julia paused and leant against it, in a pensive attitude, and after a moment Brian seated himself sideways on the top rail, dangling one of his long legs.

"And yet," Miss Sparks resumed presently, speaking with becoming timidity and punching holes in the grass with the tip of her parasol, "some people might think that you have deceived them. Some people say that you have passed yourself off as an organist, when you are really — something else."

"I assure you I am an organist," Brian replied. "Not a first-rate one, I admit; still, more or less of one. What else am I supposed to be?"

"I am afraid you will be displeased with me if I tell you."

"Oh, no; I am not easily displeased. Besides, I don't think I care very much. Please let me hear what North Streatham takes me for."

"They say that you are the eldest son of the late Sir Brian Segrave. Is that true?"

"Perfectly true; and anybody might have had the information from me for the asking."

"But then," cried Miss Sparks excitedly, "you are not Mr. Segrave at all; you are Sir Brian Segrave."

"No; my father was a K.C.B., not a baronet."

This was a little disappointing. "But at all events he had a large landed property," persisted Miss Sparks.

"A fairish property; hardly what could be called a large one."

"Then, Mr. Segrave, why don't you return home and claim your ancestral estates? I know I must seem dreadfully inquisitive; but — but —"

"Pray, don't apologize," said Brian good-humoredly; "your curiosity is quite natural, and I may as well gratify it. Then you can tell the others, you know. I don't claim the ancestral estates simply because I have no claim upon them. They were left to my brother."

"Though you are the eldest son!"

"Though I am the eldest son. My father, for reasons which I don't care to

enter into, thought at one time that I was not a suitable person to succeed him, and while he was under that impression he made his will. Now you know all about it, Miss Sparks."

Miss Sparks uttered a sympathetic murmur.

"And have you nothing? No land at all?" she asked.

"None worth mentioning. There is a small property — the Manor House — left me by my mother. Perhaps I may go and live there some day when I have made my fortune."

"The Manor House! that sounds pretty. Is it an old place?"

"Yes; very old. It belonged to my mother's family for many generations."

Miss Sparks, whose visions had been somewhat roughly dispelled, began to brighten up again. A baronet, with ten or twelve thousand a year, would have been very nice; but baronets, after all, are not a very exalted class. Lord mayors and all sorts of people get baronetcies, and a rich husband, albeit desirable, was by no means a *sine quâ non* for the only daughter of a man who had been saving money all his life and who was now notoriously well-to-do. Miss Sparks's ideas moved with such rapidity that she had time to picture herself as a graceful *châtelaine* dispensing hospitality within the oak-panelled walls of the old Manor House, during the very few minutes which passed before she said gently, —

"And you can't go back there until you have made your fortune? How hard for you! I don't wonder that you so often look sad."

"Do I look sad?" asked Brian. "If I do, it isn't on that account, I think. There are worse things than poverty, Miss Sparks."

"Oh, indeed there are!" cried the sympathetic Julia. "Sometimes I have fancied —" She did not finish her sentence, but resumed presently, with eyes modestly cast down, "Mr. Segrave, has it never struck you that if you don't make your fortune somebody else's fortune might perhaps do as well?"

She was really ashamed of herself for saying this, but it seemed as if he never would come to the point unless he were dragged to it.

Brian stared and frowned. "I see," said he, "that by some means or other, you have found out a good deal about my affairs. No; it has never occurred to me to think in that way about the fortune that you speak of. Even supposing that I



could have it by asking for it — which is not the case — it would be impossible for me to ask for it under existing circumstances. But you must excuse my saying that the subject is one which I would rather not discuss with you."

The heart of Miss Sparks beat high with hope and elation. She had, of course, never heard of Beatrice Huntley, and the idea that this young aristocrat was only withheld from avowing his sentiments by a sense of inferiority of position was both novel and sweet to her.

"Ah," she murmured, "you are too proud."

Brian folded his arms, contemplated the landscape, and made no reply.

"Heigho!" sighed Miss Sparks, edging a little nearer to him.

He did not take the slightest notice of her movement. If these were aristocratic manners, there seemed to be something to be said in favor of plebeian ones. She felt very much inclined to box his ears, but resisted the inclination and adopted a gentler method. Wriggling closer still, she laid her hand upon his arm and whispered, —

"Mayn't I know the name of the lady whose fortune you won't ask for? Perhaps it isn't such a *very* large fortune, after all."

Then, with a start, he realized the full horror of his position. It was creditable alike to his presence of mind and his good feeling that the first thing he thought of was the providing of a decent line of retreat for the attacking force.

"I thought, from what you said, that you knew her name," he answered calmly. "As you don't I mustn't tell it to you; but you would be none the wiser if I did, for you have probably never seen or heard of her."

At these cruel words Miss Sparks, whose presence of mind was not equal to Brian's, bounded back to the other extremity of the stile with a wild whoop. "Oh! oh!" she shrieked: "you should have told me this sooner!"

Before Brian could make any rejoinder the thump, thump, of a heavy footfall was heard approaching rapidly across the field, and in another instant Mr. Dubbin in person trotted up, breathless and wrathful.

"I heard a cry for help," said he. "Mr. Segrave, sir! — Julia! — what does this mean?"

There is nothing like danger for sharpening the faculties. If Miss Sparks had been distraught a moment before, she was

fully alive now to the risk of losing both romantic and material happiness at a blow, and, without hesitating for a second, she decided upon her course of action. Hurling her whole weight against the broad chest of Mr. Dubbin, "Samuel!" she gasped, "catch me! I'm going to faint!"

Mr. Dubbin promptly deposited her flat upon her back on the damp grass. "Oh, I've caught you," he responded, rather brutally; "there isn't much doubt about that. Humph! your color don't seem to have faded much; you'll come to presently, I dare say. And now, sir," he added, facing Brian, "what have you got to say for yourself, pray?"

The whole situation — the sudden irruption of the panting Dubbin, the total collapse of Miss Sparks, who lay prone and speechless upon the ground, as if struck by lightning; his own guilty appearance, of which he was fully conscious — all these things struck Brian as so irresistibly comical that he began to laugh.

"Oh, you think it's a laughing matter, do you?" cried Mr. Dubbin, glaring at him. "You'll laugh on the wrong side of your mouth before you've done with me, I can tell you! This young lady will have to give me an explanation presently, which I hope will be a satisfactory one; but as things stand at present, I'm bound to say that they look a deal more awkward for you than they do for her. I hear her scream for assistance, and when I come up I find her evidently agitated and you grinning from ear to ear, like a young satyr. Now, if you think you can take advantage of your position of trust to insult young ladies in this parish, you'll find yourself very much in the wrong box."

"My good man," answered Brian, who, perhaps, did not much like being described as a satyr, and who forgot for the moment that he was only a humble organist, while Dubbin was a local personage of importance, "you are making a great fool of yourself, if you only knew it. Nobody has been insulted, and —"

"Good man!" broke in Mr. Dubbin, foaming with rage; "how dare you address me in that disrespectful way, sir! Of all the impudent young puppies! — But I shall not stoop to exchange abusive language with you. My business just now is merely to inquire what has been passing between you and this young lady."

For an instant Brian was very nearly telling the truth; but he caught sight of the dismayed countenance of Miss Sparks, who had assumed a sitting posture and was throwing piteous glances of appeal

at him, and he could not find it in his heart to betray her.

"I don't feel called upon to answer your question, Mr. Dubbin," he replied quietly. "You seem to be a good deal heated, and that is natural enough, I dare say; but no doubt Miss Sparks will be able to reassure you."

Miss Sparks was not slow to take advantage of the opening thus generously afforded to her. She jumped up with great agility, clutched her irate betrothed by the arm, and whispered, "Come away, Samuel; please come away! I am sure there will be a quarrel if you don't, and his arms are so dreadfully long and strong, and how could I bear to see you going about with a black eye? Walk home with me, and I will tell you all about it."

Mr. Dubbin hesitated, but ended by allowing himself to be led off. "You and I will square accounts some other time, sir," he called back over his shoulder to Brian. "In the presence of a lady my hands are tied; but don't flatter yourself that you are out of the wood yet."

Brian, still sitting on the stile, watched the pair as they pursued their way, arm in arm, across the meadow, and had a hearty laugh all by himself.

"I have lost a pupil," he thought, "and I shouldn't wonder if I had lost my character into the bargain; but I don't suppose that will matter much. Dubbin will probably have the sense to say no more about it. She will tell him that I have been trying to make love to her, most likely. Well, I'm sure she is very welcome."

Then he rose and strode homeward, regretting that loyalty to the romantic Julia forbade him to relate the incidents of the afternoon to Mr. Peareth, who, he was sure, would have been tickled by them.

#### CHAPTER XXII.

#### DUBBIN CONQUERS.

LIFE, which presents itself under such different aspects to different people that it is doubtful whether any man knows quite what it looks like to his neighbor, has been pronounced by some to be nothing but a farce from beginning to end, while others see so little of the farce in it that they cannot even allow a just measure of importance to farcical episodes. Yet these, as every student of history must be aware, are factors in human affairs which it is very imprudent to despise, and which have more than once been productive of

the most far-reaching results. Brian, who viewed the world at large rather as it ought to be than as it is, and who had a foolish way of judging both men and things according to their intrinsic merits, ceased to think about Mr. Dubbin and Miss Sparks as soon as he had ceased to laugh at them, and turned his attention to what he conceived to be matters of more personal moment to him. Although no communication had reached him from Mr. Berners, and he had seen neither criticisms nor advertisements of the work which he had confided to that affable personage, he was not discouraged to the point of desisting from composition, and was just now occupying the leisure of his long evenings by the stringing together of sundry airs and choruses, with a vague idea that he might some day submit them to his friends Phipps as a groundwork for the possible opera mentioned by that gentleman. In this way he employed himself agreeably enough until bedtime, and the next day went about his wonted avocations with no presentiment of coming evil. It was only when he reached his lodgings after sunset and found a note from Mr. Peareth, in which he was requested to call at the vicarage as soon as he could conveniently do so, that he began to wonder whether anything was amiss. He was led to suppose that he had given offence in some way by the rather dry wording of the note and by the circumstance that it began with "Dear Mr. Segrave." Latterly Mr. Peareth had dispensed with the prefix in addressing his organist and friend.

"Surely," thought Brian, with some inward amusement, as he set off in obedience to the summons conveyed to him, "Dubbin can't have been lodging a formal complaint against me."

That, however, was exactly what Dubbin had been doing, and before Brian had spent many minutes in Mr. Peareth's study he realized that Dubbin might be a sufficiently formidable foe. Mr. Peareth's demeanor exhibited an odd mixture of dignity, displeasure, and shamefacedness.

"Mr. Segrave," he began, "I have heard with great regret that you have been guilty of — er — misconduct towards — er — a lady parishioner. I am very sorry indeed to receive such a report of you."

"But, of course, you don't believe it," said Brian quietly.

This rejoinder disconcerted Mr. Peareth exceedingly. He rose from his chair, sat down again, rumbled his thin hair with

both hands, sighed half impatiently, half despairingly, and at length resumed: "Mr. Dubbin was with me this morning —"

"Mr. Dubbin is a thundering ass," interrupted Brian.

"It may be so, though I cannot consider the description a becoming one for you to apply to him or to address to me. But let that pass. The question is, what defence have you to make to the charge that he brings against you?"

"First of all, let us hear precisely what the charge is."

"Dear me! I thought I had told you. He accuses you of misconducting yourself towards Miss Sparks. He declares that you insulted her — well, well; I dare say you didn't do that; still, I suppose there must have been something — and it appears that she screamed. Really you ought not to have let her scream."

"How in the world was I to help it? I am quite innocent of having said or done anything that could cause a reasonable being to scream."

"But very likely she is not a reasonable being; few young women are. And to say the least of it, Mr. Segrave, you had no business to place yourself and her in a position so liable to — er — misconstruction."

"I had no business to be walking with her at all, you mean?"

"Exactly so," answered Mr. Peareth, seizing eagerly upon a standpoint which he felt to be unexceptionable. "Such a preceeding was, to my mind, most imprudent — I had almost said improper."

"Well," returned Brian, "I am very sorry that I ever walked with her. As you may imagine, the society of Miss Sparks has no particular fascinations for me, and I dare say I was rather a fool not to keep her at arm's length. In future I shall be more cautious. That's all I can say, I think."

"But you have as yet made no answer to the charge," objected Mr. Peareth.

"To the charge of having insulted Miss Sparks? Well, no. I told Mr. Dubbin at the time that I must decline to enter into explanations with him, and I am afraid I can only repeat the same thing to you. Of course I didn't insult her; you will take my word for that; but for the rest, she must be allowed to give her own version of the affair. I am sure that, if you were in my place, you would feel as I do about it."

Mr. Peareth fidgeted, moved and replaced the books on the table before him, cleared his voice once or twice, and finally

said, "So far as I am personally concerned your word would be amply sufficient; but you see, unfortunately, I am not the person chiefly concerned, and when an influential parishioner comes to me, demanding your instant dismissal upon certain specified grounds, and you decline to defend yourself, I — I — in fact, I hardly know what to do."

"Oh, I should think that much the wisest thing you could do would be to dismiss me," answered Brian, unable altogether to conceal the contempt that he felt for a man of so little backbone. "No doubt Mr. Dubbin will make things very uncomfortable for you if you don't."

Poor Mr. Peareth winced. He would have liked very much to take Brian's side; he did not in the least believe the accusation brought against the young man, and his conscience accused him of meanness in that he had at first seemed to believe it. But he was forever haunted by the thought of his large small family, and he knew that Dubbin, though without nominal authority to dismiss either him or his organist, could speedily and easily render the position of both of them untenable. Dubbin, in short, possessed that power which must be acknowledged to be supreme in the affairs of parishes as well as of nations; he held the purse-strings. The man was not a bad sort of man in his way. He was offensive and dictatorial; but he was generous in a pecuniary sense, and the simple truth was that the withdrawal of his support would mean the abandonment of the services which had made St. Jude's attractive, and the consequent emptying of the church. Now Mr. Peareth's stipend depended upon the offertories. Therefore the utmost that he felt able to say was, —

"I shall not dismiss you; I could not conscientiously do that. But the circumstances justify me, perhaps, in strongly advising you to offer your resignation."

"My resignation is very much at your service," answered Brian with a slight smile, "and I am ready to take myself off as soon as you please. Possibly it would be a convenience to you if I performed my usual duties to-morrow, though."

"Yes, I should be much obliged," replied Mr. Peareth hurriedly and with a downcast mien. "Mr. Dubbin said — that is, I believe we shall be able to find a substitute before next Sunday."

He looked so red in the face and wretched that Brian could not be angry with him. "Very well," he said; "I will wait until the substitute comes. Most likely he will

be glad of a few hints as to the services we have been accustomed to, and so forth."

Mr. Peareth raised his faded blue eyes and made an undecided gesture. "You have done a good deal for us during the short time that you have been here, and I have found your help invaluable; but, indeed, I think you are too good for the place. I hope and believe that you will find a more lucrative post elsewhere," he said feebly.

"Thank you; I hope so," answered Brian; "and if you will bear witness to my efficiency it will be a help. I shall hardly venture to apply to you for a moral character, though," he added, laughing.

But Mr. Peareth could not laugh. "I have told you already that your word is enough to convince me of your innocence," he observed a little reproachfully.

"And yet you invite me to hand in my resignation."

"Because you will not defend yourself."

"Mr. Peareth, suppose I were to defend myself; suppose I were to make a defence which should seem convincing to any impartial man — what would you do then?"

"In that case, of course, I should have no option but to inform Mr. Dubbin that I must accept your statement rather than his, and retain your services."

"Well, I believe you would; though you would think it a dangerous course — and perhaps it would be dangerous. Anyhow, you won't have to risk it this time. You and Mrs. Peareth have been very kind to me, and we shall part friends, I hope."

"Certainly — most certainly," answered Mr. Peareth, rising and holding out his hand. "I wish with all my heart that we were not going to part at all. Will you not stay and dine with us this evening?"

But Brian declined an invitation which could hardly have been taken advantage of without a good deal of consequent embarrassment to both host and guest, and it may be conjectured that his refusal did not leave Mr. Peareth inconsolable.

There is more than one standard by which a decent, honest sort of man may regulate his conduct towards his neighbors and sacrifice neither honesty nor decency. The highest and simplest is that of doing as he would be done by; and this has the advantage of securing to those who adopt it a sense of self-approval which is not to be despised. However, not many do adopt it; and of that small number a smaller number still are conspicuous for worldly success. The mediocre majority are satisfied to do the best

they can for themselves without transgressing certain bounds, judging, sensibly enough, that if they do not take their own part, nobody else is likely to take it for them. Brian, when he thought things over in the solitude of his lodgings, felt it to be a little annoying that he should have been compelled to sacrifice his means of subsistence for the sake of Miss Sparks; but he was glad to think that he had behaved like a gentleman, and possibly also — not being altogether perfect — he may have derived some comfort from the recollection of having thoroughly humiliated poor Mr. Peareth.

But with these sources of consolation he had to content himself; for he obtained no others. Sunday passed as usual. Nobody had heard of his impending departure; Mr. Dubbin did not attend divine service that day, and Miss Sparks failed to take her place in the choir, being kept at home by a severe cold — the result, perhaps, of the inconsiderate manner in which she had been laid out on the damp grass on the preceding Friday afternoon. But on the Monday morning he received an intimation to the effect that his predecessor, who was at present out of employment, had consented to replace him for a few weeks, and would not require any instruction as to the method of conducting the services. Thus there remained nothing for him to do but to pack up his belongings, collect such money as was owing to him in respect of music lessons, say good-bye to his friends, and go.

These several tasks occupied him during a couple of days, and none of them were particularly agreeable. Many people dislike sudden requests for payment; many people also look with suspicion upon sudden departures. In the course of his rounds, Brian met with more expressions of surprise than of regret, and, with the exception of the choir-boys, to whom his patience and good-humor had endeared him, nobody bade him godspeed. Even at the vicarage, which was the last house on his list, a feeling of restraint and discomfort on both sides prevented him from lingering more than a few minutes.

Mrs. Peareth was obviously afraid of committing herself, and only withheld by conjugal allegiance from raising the flag of revolt against the omnipotent Dubbin. She chose to assume an offended air, saying, "You know your own business best, Mr. Segrave, no doubt, but I am sorry that you should be so anxious to leave us." Nevertheless, at the last moment she broke down, and, while her husband's

back was turned, squeezed Brian's hand and whispered, "Don't blame him; it isn't his fault. That cobbler will trample upon us with his hobnailed boots all our lives!"

As for Mr. Peareth, he said very little, having indeed very little to say; but his face was eloquent after a fashion, and Brian left him without ill-will, if without any profound feeling of respect. And so that chapter in the life of an improvident young man was closed.

Brian, unhappily, was very improvident, and so little capable of becoming anything else that it may be doubted whether any dose of the discipline of life could have been made strong enough to cure him of a defect for which most of us have a sneaking kindness — unless, indeed, it be too manifest in the character of our near relatives. Upon what he had earned during his residence at Streatham, he should have been able to live in tolerable comfort and to lay by something against a rainy day; but, as a matter of fact, he had done neither. He had conscientiously denied himself all luxuries in the way of eating and drinking; but his landlady, perceiving his total ignorance of the price of food, had taken care that this asceticism should be of little service to him. And his efforts at economy began and ended there. Money burnt a hole in his pocket; so long as he had any, he was sure to spend it — upon others, if not upon himself; and the consequence was that he returned to his old quarters in Duke Street scarcely better off than when he had left them, some four months back. It was with a somewhat heavy heart that he counted up his modest assets, realizing that he must now begin afresh that search for employment which he had found so discouraging before, and that only a few weeks of fruitless search would be required to reduce him to his last penny.

#### CHAPTER XXIII.

##### MITCHELL'S ALLY.

IN spite of the promise which he had made on a certain evening, in response to the pleading of a pair of innocent blue eyes, Gilbert Segrave hardly contemplated a visit to London with the object of seeking out his brother and enfolding him in a fraternal embrace. He asked nothing better than to be at peace with Brian; but he could not suppose that a reconciliation would be brought about by the means suggested; besides, as a matter of detail, he did not know where Brian was. However, to set himself quite straight

with Kitty Greenwood and his conscience, he consulted Mr. Monckton upon the point. He had not quarrelled with the plain-spoken vicar of St. Michael's. Only small-minded men harbor malice against those who honestly misunderstand and misrepresent them, and Gilbert was philosophical enough to overlook a little rudeness when it was quite clearly to his interest to do so. Although he had not formally announced his intention of standing for a constituency which as yet did not exist, he had offered no contradiction to the rumors which had been circulated upon that subject, and it was generally understood that they were authentic. Now nothing could be more certain than that, in any election contest, Monckton's good word would influence a large number of votes. Gilbert, therefore, contributed handsomely to the Seaman's Mission, instructed his bankers to pay an annual subscription to the fund for the defrayal of church expenses, and from time to time sent baskets of flowers over to the vicarage, for which, of course, he had to be thanked. When he met Monckton, as he pretty frequently did, he never failed to speak a civil word or two, and it was on the occasion of one of these chance encounters that he said, —

"By the way, Mr. Monckton, have you any news of my brother? He never writes to me, and sometimes I feel uneasy about him."

"I don't think there is any cause for uneasiness at present," Monckton answered. "He is earning fair pay as an organist at Streatham, and he tells me that he has plenty of pupils."

"Dear me! what a wretched state of things it is, to be sure! I really can't say that I rejoice in his success, because it seems likely to prolong our separation. Candidly now, do you think it would do any good if I were to go and see him?"

"That, I take it, would depend very much upon what you had to say to him."

"I should ask him whether he didn't think it was time that this freak of his came to an end, and I should beg him either to come home with me or to behave like a sensible being and let me provide for him."

"Nothing more than that?"

"More than that I could hardly say. I am very anxious that we should be friends again, and I want him to know it."

"I will let him know of it, if you like," said Monckton, after a moment of consideration. "I am very sure that Brian is too good a fellow to remain estranged



from you forever; but I can't recommend you to go to him just at present, still less to bring him back here. We may take it for granted that, with or without reason, he would disapprove very much of your parting with land, as I am told you have done."

Gilbert gave a little upward jerk to his shoulders and smiled. "I should be sorry to incur his disapproval; but naturally I claim the privilege of using my own judgment with regard to my own affairs. Anyhow, I believe you are right; there is nothing for it but to leave him to himself and have patience."

This conclusion he subsequently imparted to Kitty Greenwood, mentioning that it was shared by Mr. Monckton, to whose decision, as he had expected, she at once bowed.

"Perhaps some day your brother will see that he is in the wrong," she remarked. To which Gilbert replied, "Let us hope so."

He had other and pleasanter subjects for reflection than the obstinacy of a wrong-headed brother. His negotiations with Buswell were proceeding satisfactorily, though slowly, under the skilful guidance of Messrs. Potter and Dodder; there was every prospect that before another year was out he would be, if not a rich, at all events a well-to-do man; he was beginning to live down the hostility of certain of his neighbors, and he was shrewd enough to be aware that a young M.P., with a sufficiency of money, hospitable habits, and agreeable manners, is not the kind of person to be cut by the county. But what pleased him more than the bright promise of the future, more than the absence of Mr. Potter, whose caustic remarks he dreaded a little, and who managed his affairs for him through the medium of the post and an amanuensis who wrote respectfully in copperplate, was the changed attitude of Miss Huntley. Gilbert had been rather afraid of Miss Huntley. He thought—and doubtless he was right—that women are formidable antagonists; he thought Miss Huntley did not like him, and he suspected that she would put a spoke in his wheel the moment that she saw her opportunity. He was glad to learn, upon the very best authority, that he had misjudged her.

"When are you going to have the manners to call upon me, Mr. Segrave?" she asked him one day. "You can't pretend, as Mr. Monckton does, that you are too busy to pay visits."

Gilbert declared that he was really

busy, but that he was not, and never could be, too busy to call upon Miss Huntley. If he had not done so long ago, it was because he was afraid of being a bore.

"Or of being bored?" she rejoined. "Whatever you may be, you are not a bore, Mr. Segrave, and you know that so well that I shall not pay you the compliment which was at the tip of my tongue. Come and see me to-morrow afternoon at five o'clock, and Miss Joy will give you a cup of tea. The least that you deserve in return for such a speech is to be deprived of all hope of not finding me at home."

He not only found her at home, when he obeyed this command, but was speedily made to feel himself at home also. Miss Huntley took a good deal of trouble to achieve this result, and appeared to take no trouble about it at all. She manœuvred him into a comfortable chair, with a little table at his elbow, on which to place his teacup; she then left him for a while to be entertained by the prattle of Miss Joy, and, seating herself at the piano, played softly to the end of the piece which she had been trying over at the moment of his entrance. She had a good touch, had been well taught, and played readily at sight. The effect of her performance was soothing to her visitor, although he was no great lover of music, and he understood, as he was meant to understand, that her lack of ceremony implied a friendly bent. By-and-by she approached the fire, sank into a low chair facing Gilbert, and, holding up a hand-screen to shield her face from the blaze, began to chat in an easy, familiar fashion about Kingscliff and its society. She had nothing disagreeable to say about anybody; on the contrary, she had a good word for them all, from Admiral Greenwood down to Mr. Buswell; but her tone was that of an outside observer to whom the ways of provincials are an amusing study; she gave it to be understood that she belonged to quite a different world, and seemed to assume, as a matter of course, that Gilbert belonged to it too.

"If I had a nice old place like yours, I think I should be quite satisfied to spend every winter here," she remarked; "but I suppose it is different for a man. After you get into Parliament you will hardly be allowed to bury yourself for six months, even if you wish it."

Gilbert observed, with a smile, that he was not in Parliament yet.

"But of course you will be; and you have chosen the right side, too—at least,

the most interesting side. All the clever people are Radicals nowadays. I myself am a Conservative, I believe, though why I don't quite know, except that it would be an uncomfortable thing for my brother's sister to be anything else."

"Why is your brother a Conservative?" Gilbert inquired.

"I have never asked him; but he has his reasons, no doubt. For one thing, it's respectable; and when one is very rich, and has had no great-grandfather, and has married a duke's daughter, one ought at least to cultivate respectability."

"The Duke of Devonport happens to be a Tory; but there are plenty of Liberal dukes," observed Gilbert.

"Naturally there are. Dukes can afford to allow themselves luxuries; but if Joseph were to go in for advanced ideas he would lose caste, I imagine. Joseph expects to get a peerage from the Tories one of these days, only they say he must be a Cabinet minister first, which I presume means that that would give them a capital excuse for kicking him up-stairs."

"Sir Joseph Huntley is a man of great abilities," Gilbert remarked.

"Is he really? Well, I suppose you are a better judge than I, but I should never have guessed it. It is true that he has a good deal of solid common sense, and he is said to be an authority upon certain subjects. He might do for the Board of Trade perhaps. However, it doesn't much matter, for, by all accounts, the Tories won't be in office again for a great many years to come. That is partly what makes me long to be a Radical; it is so stupid to belong to a party which is hopelessly out of it. I wish you would try to convert me, Mr. Segrave."

"I am afraid I should only succeed in wearying you," Gilbert answered.

Nevertheless, he let her persuade him to unfold and explain the Radical programme; and she listened to him with so much interest, every now and then interrupting him with such bright and intelligent comments, that he ended by greatly enjoying a discussion in which he gained the victory at every point.

"Well," Miss Huntley said at length, "I suppose I must acknowledge myself beaten, if I am not quite convinced yet. It seems a little strange that an owner of property in land should hold the opinions that you do; but the strangeness is all to your credit. What I admire about the Radicalism of men in your position is that it must at all events be disinterested."

"A good many people hereabouts would

tell you that that is just what my Radicalism is not," observed Gilbert.

"Oh, they are angry with you for leaving them, and I don't wonder at it. It must be very provoking to lose the one man in the county who is sure to come to the front in Parliament."

After the interchange of a few more such speeches as these Gilbert went away in high good-humor, and as soon as he was gone Miss Joy said, —

"Beatrice, what is your object in making a fool of that young man?"

"I don't think he is a fool," Miss Huntley replied, yawning; "and if he is I am sure it is not I who made him so. He expounded the Radical gospel very clearly and convincingly, I thought."

"Now, Beatrice, as if you could deceive me in that way! I don't pretend to understand politics, but I know that you might have driven him into a corner about the game laws, and that you deliberately let him escape. You wouldn't have done that, my dear, if you had been arguing seriously."

Miss Huntley clapped her hands and laughed loudly. "The next time he comes I shall turn you out of the room," she said. "You are far, far too clever, you delightful old Matilda, and I may as well confess at once that I wanted Mr. Segrave to have the best of that exciting controversy. I mean to make a friend of Mr. Segrave, and I must begin by stroking him down."

"But why should you want to make a friend of him?"

"Well — he interests me."

"I dislike him rather particularly," Miss Joy declared in a decided tone of voice; "and what's more, I believe you do too."

If such was the case nothing short of Miss Joy's remarkable cleverness could have discovered it. From that day Miss Huntley made it her business to show marked favor to Gilbert; nor did it take her long to overcome the suspicion with which he regarded her first advances. After all, he said to himself, it was not so very astonishing that a woman of distinctly superior qualities should feel herself drawn towards the only man in the neighborhood who had any pretensions to superiority. He was flattered by her recognition of his claim to be honored above his fellows, and, in any event, her friendship must be preferable to her enmity. Therefore he did not hesitate to avail himself of her constant hospitality, and thoroughly appreciated the little dinners which she was fond of arranging, and at which he generally had the pleasure of meeting

Kitty Greenwood. Captain Mitchell and one or other of the idle young men who hung about Kingscliff usually completed the party; but the presence of these non-entities did not interfere with Gilbert's comfort, nor divert the attention of his hostess from him. Indeed, he scarcely noticed that they were there.

What he might have noticed, and what other people did notice, was that, somehow or other, in the course of these pleasant evenings he never managed to secure a little private conversation with the girl of his heart. No one could say that Miss Huntley was making a set at him; she displayed no anxiety to keep him to herself, and all the remarks that she addressed to him might have been spoken in the market-place; but on the other hand, she never left him alone. Thus it happened that, every now and again, Mitchell obtained the opportunities which were wanting to Gilbert, and availing himself thereof, was sharply snubbed for his pains. But this was no new experience to the gallant and lovelorn sailor. He preferred a slap in the face from Kitty to a kiss from anybody else, and nobly maintained his character for patient endurance while watching with wondering admiration the manoeuvres of his ally.

What Miss Greenwood thought of these manoeuvres it was not easy to tell from her demeanor. She was one of those simple, old-fashioned maidens—there are still a few such, whatever may be asserted to the contrary—who cannot avow to themselves that they love any man until his own love for them has been declared. She may have been made a little unhappy by the partial cessation of Gilbert's attentions; but if so, she probably did not inquire into the cause of her unhappiness. For the rest, she was deeply attached to Beatrice Huntley, who had become her intimate friend, and whom she believed to be incapable of treachery in any form.

So the days and weeks passed by, and there were dinners, as aforesaid, and boating excursions and rides and other unexciting diversions, and at the end of all it must be owned that things remained very much as they had been at the beginning. Miss Huntley found out—and the discovery surprised her somewhat—that Gilbert was really and truly in love with Kitty; Mitchell made no progress with his suit; and Gilbert himself drifted agreeably upon the top of the flood, finding life sweet and seeing no need for hurry in the matter of marriage. He was, in fact, so sure of success that he was beginning to

think that it might be as well to wait until the election was over before taking a step which would entail a considerable sacrifice of independence and an inconvenient period of absence from home.

It was on an evening in the month of April, when the weather had become warm, and rash persons were proclaiming that winter was at an end, and Miss Huntley's departure for London was regretfully spoken of as imminent, that a little piece of luck befell the patient Mitchell. That evening the small party above enumerated had assembled, as they had so often done before, at Miss Huntley's villa, where Kitty Greenwood was staying on a short visit, her parents having been invited to dine at a house on the other side of the county and—in accordance with a local custom—to remain for a couple of nights under the roof of their entertainers. Miss Huntley was getting Gilbert to explain to her (though she knew quite as much about it as he did) the effect upon the constituencies of the Redistribution Bill, which just then was engrossing public attention; Miss Joy was relating to Mitchell, who was not listening to her, how she had been as nearly as possible overtaken by the tide, while sketching, that afternoon, and Kitty, all by herself, was abstractedly turning over the pages of a book of prints which she had taken upon her knee.

Presently she shifted her position a little in order to get a better light, and, raising her arm, brought it into contact with one of the candles which were standing upon the table behind her. In an instant a tongue of flame shot up from the flimsy fabric of which her sleeve was made. She gave a cry of terror; Gilbert started to his feet, but Mitchell, quicker than he, sprang forward, seized the burning sleeve in his hands and pressed the flames out before Miss Joy had time to do more than ejaculate "Good gracious!"

Very little harm was done. Miss Greenwood's elbow was slightly scorched and Mitchell had a blister or two upon his hands, which he did not think it necessary to display; but it was evident that only his promptitude had averted a serious, if not a fatal catastrophe; so that he might be considered a fortunate man, in spite of his blisters.

When the hubbub had subsided, and Kitty, notwithstanding her protestations, had been taken up-stairs to have her elbow swathed in cotton-wool by Miss Joy, Miss Huntley could not refrain from saying aside to Gilbert, "You missed a fine opportunity there."

"Really that was not my fault," he returned, in a somewhat aggrieved tone; "the whole thing was over in a second, and Mitchell bounced up in front of me, so that I couldn't get past him."

"So officious, wasn't it? Let us hope that he burnt his fingers; I see that he is examining them surreptitiously. But, do you know, I am very glad that he has had this chance of playing the hero — or would you call him a *poseur*? — because, perhaps, it may induce Kitty to take a fancy to him, and those two are made for each other."

"I can't agree with you," said Gilbert, flushing slightly.

"I am quite aware that you can't, and I sincerely regret it, for everybody's sake. I must stick to my opinion that Kitty Greenwood is designed by nature for the domestic virtues and their rewards. Men who have a career before them seldom find time for domesticity, and, if they marry at all, ought to marry ambitious women. Excuse my frankness."

Having dropped that hint she moved away, leaving it to bear what fruit it might; but she did not retire to rest without turning the episode of the evening to account in another quarter.

"Kitty," said she, after she had accompanied Miss Greenwood to her bedroom, "do you ever read *Æsop's fables*? If you don't I will lend you my copy, and you can study the fable of the dog who dropped his bone into the water in the attempt to get hold of another, which he saw reflected there. You are the dog; Captain Mitchell's devotion to you is the substantial bone, and as for the shadow, you may fill that up according to taste. Do you fully realize that Captain Mitchell saved your life this evening?"

"Yes, indeed I do, and I am very grateful to him," answered Kitty; "only I wish —"

"I wouldn't wish for more than I had got, if I were you. 'One isn't loved every day,' as Owen Meredith very truly observes."

"Well, but," objected Kitty, with a blush, "Captain Mitchell has never told me that — he has never said anything of *that sort* to me."

"He never will if you go on as you are doing now, and I know who will be sorry for it some fine day. You think you are certain of him, but I assure you that you are not. He is a mortal man, and he is capable of consoling himself. In fact, I like him so much that, sooner than see him so badly treated, I myself will under-

take to console him — not personally, but by deputy. I know more than one girl who is almost good enough for him. Now good-night. Ponder these sayings." And with that, she kissed her guest and withdrew.

A few days later Miss Huntley was standing on the departure side of the little Kingscliff station, surrounded by quite a host of sorrowing friends and acquaintances. She addressed them, severally and generally, in the most amiable terms, and with a few favored ones she took a turn or two up and down the platform. Amongst the latter was Monckton, who had hurried down to bid farewell to a lady whose liberality had tided more than one indigent member of his flock over the dark days of the stormy season.

"You will come back to us next winter, I hope," said he.

"Ah, I don't know," she answered, with something of a sigh. "It is a long time from now to next winter, and all sorts of things may happen between this and that. But I shan't forget Kingscliff and I shan't forget you. If only you could come up to London and preach to me every Sunday, I shouldn't be afraid of — of temptations that sometimes frighten me now."

"Preaching is a poor thing to trust to," said Monckton.

"Perhaps so, but it is better than nothing, and at any rate I am always influenced by it. My sister-in-law will preach to me now; I don't like her sermons as well as yours. You said you would be in London soon; you will come and see me, won't you?"

"Yes, with pleasure, if I can find the time; but I expect that I shall be very busy."

"Well, if you can and will find the time, it will be a kindness." Then, with a sudden change of tone, "Shall you look up Esau when you are in London?"

"Esau?" repeated Monckton inquiringly.

"I have a way of giving people nicknames; it serves to keep them in my memory. Mr. Brian Segrave is called Esau, for obvious reasons. Tell him that I shall be in Park Lane for the season."

"I will tell him," answered Monckton, "but I won't promise that he shall call upon you. He probably regards himself as being altogether out of society."

"What has that to do with it? Besides, he must come back to society. He ought to sell the Manor House. I wish he would sell it to me, then I should have an excuse for returning to Kingscliff."

"I'm afraid he won't do that," said Monckton, shaking his head.

"Why not? At least I shouldn't parcel it out into building-lots. Anyhow, I shall think him very rude if he drops my acquaintance."

At this moment the train drew up to the platform, and Miss Huntley took her place amidst a chorus of good-byes. Her last words were for Gilbert. "Remember that you have promised to report yourself in Park Lane before the month is over."

So the express bore her away, and the gilded youths of Kingscliff were left to meditate upon the melancholy fact that they had had an heiress among them for six months, and that not one of them had had the courage to propose to her.

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From The Contemporary Review.  
VICTORIAN LITERATURE.

THE literature of the Elizabethan age was the flowering through art of a new faith and a new joy—a faith in the spiritual truths recovered by the Reformation movement, a joy in the world of nature and of human life as presented in the magic mirror of the Renaissance. Within a decade of years having for its centre the year of Queen Elizabeth's accession, were born Sidney, Spenser, Raleigh, Chapman, Daniel, Drayton, Marlowe, Hooker, Bacon, Shakespeare. Never before or since in England were such prizes drawn in the lottery of babies. Never before or since had the good fairies who bring gifts to cradles so busy a time. But it was not until Elizabeth's reign had run more than half its course, and these boys were grown to man's estate, that the great summer of literature showed its flowers and fruit. The "Laws of Ecclesiastical Polity," the six books of "The Faerie Queene," the "Essays" of Bacon, "Roméo and Juliet," "As You Like It," and "Henry V." belong to the last period of Elizabeth's reign, that which opens with the defeat of the Armada; and many writings which we commonly class under the head of Elizabethan literature—"King Lear" and "The Tempest," "The Advancement of Learning," the "History of the World," "The Alchemist" and "The Silent Woman"—are named Elizabethan only because they continue the same literary movement and carry it on through the period which had hardly culminated before her death.

The literature of the reign of Queen Anne was the expression of the better mind of England when it had recovered itself through good sense and moderation of temper from the Puritan excess and from the Cavalier excess. Enthusiasm was discredited, and faith had no wings to soar; but it was something to have escaped the spiritual orgies of the saints and the sensual riot of the king's new courtiers; it was something to have attained to a sober way of regarding human life, and to the provisional resting-place of a philosophical and theological compromise. Addison's humane smile, Pope's ethics of good sense, and the exquisite felicity of manner in each writer, represent and justify the epoch.

Our own age has been named the *seculum realisticum*; men of science have claimed it as their own, and countless pæans have been chanted in honor of our material and mechanical advancement. Yet it is hardly less distinguished by its ardors of hope and aspiration, by its eager and anxious search for spiritual truth, by its restlessness in presence of spiritual anarchy, by its desire for some spiritual order. It has been pre-eminently an age of intellectual and moral trial, difficulty, and danger; of bitter farewells to things of the past, of ardent welcomes to things as yet but dimly discerned in the coming years; of dissatisfaction with the actual and of immense desire; an age of seekers for light, each having trouble too plainly written upon his forehead.

If a precise date must be chosen separating the present period of literature from that which immediately precedes it, we shall do well to fix on the year 1832. In that year the bill for the representation of the people placed the future destiny of England in the hands of the middle classes, and a series of social and political reforms speedily followed. In that year died a great imaginative restorer of the past, and also a great intellectual pioneer of the future. Amid his nineteenth-century feudalisms, within sound of the old border river, Scott passed away, murmuring to himself, as he lay in his bed, some fragment of the Litany or verse from the venerable hymns of the Romish ritual. On an autumn evening his body was laid in the resting-place of his forefathers amid the monastic ruins of Dryburgh. It was in London, just at the close of a fierce political struggle, that Jeremy Bentham died. To the last he had been "codifying like any dragon;" when he heard the verdict of his physician, that



death was inevitable, the cheerful utilitarian thought first of a practical application of his own doctrine. "Very well," he said serenely, "be it so; then minimize pain," and so departed, leaving his viscera to be dissected for the benefit of mankind, and his skeleton when duly arrayed to do the honors at University College.

By the year 1832 the flood-tide of English poetry had withdrawn from the shores which had lightened and sung with the splendor and music of the earlier days of the century. It was eleven years since Keats had found rest in the flowery cemetery at Rome; ten years since Shelley, in a whirl of sea-mist, had solved the great mystery that had haunted him since boyhood. Byron's memory was still a power, but a power that constantly waned. Southey had forsaken poetry, and was just now rejoicing over the words, *Laus Deo*, written on the last page of his "History of the Peninsular War;" surely at last those "subseque hours" were at hand in which he might bring to a fruitful outcome the great labor of two-and-thirty years, his never-to-be-written "History of Portugal." It was in 1832 that Wordsworth, conscious of the loss of the glory and the freshness of his earlier manhood, and conscious also that he had never forfeited a poet's prerogative, wrote those lines prefixed to his complete works, in which he exhorts the heaven-inspired singer to fidelity and contentment, whether he shine as a great star in the zenith or burn like an untended watch-fire on the ridge of some dark mountain:—

If thou, indeed, derive thy light from Heaven,  
Then, to the measure of that heaven-born  
light,  
Shine, Poet! in thy place, and be content.

Few of Wordsworth's poems of later date than 1832 can be said to dart their beams with planetary influence from the zenith. Yet there is no fond self-pity in his lines, as there are in those which Coleridge, compassed about with infirmity, printed in that same year, 1832, in *Blackwood's Magazine*, under the title "The Old Man's Sigh:"—

Where no hope is, life's a warning  
That only serves to make us grieve  
In our old age,  
Whose bruised wings quarrel with the bars of  
the still narrowing cage.\*

Coleridge, indeed, had but a brief waiting before release from the cage was

granted him. "Saw Coleridge in bed," writes Crabb-Robinson (April 12, 1832). "He looked beautifully—his eye remarkably brilliant—and he talked as eloquently as ever." The voyager through strange seas of thought still held men with his glittering eye and told his tale of wonder, but his voyaging and his work were indeed over. This year, 1832, which we have taken as the line of division between Victorian literature and that of the first literary period of the nineteenth century, was also the year of the death of an illustrious poet whose earlier verses had delighted Burke and won the approval of Johnson, and whose later writings were celebrated by Byron and had been the solace of Scott's dying days. Crabbe, whose life and poetry thus served to link together two widely different epochs of literature, touched the boundary of a third era, but his foot was not permitted to pass beyond the limit.

A student of the poetry of the age of Elizabeth, who happens to be also a reader of the poetry of our own time, can hardly fail to be impressed by one important point of contrast between these two bodies of literature. The poets of the Elizabethan age—excepting, perhaps, Spenser—seem to have got on very happily and successfully without theories of human life or doctrines respecting human society; but our nineteenth-century poets are almost all sorely puzzled about certain problems of existence, and having labored at their solution, come forward with some lightening of the burden of the mystery, with some hope or some solace; or else they deliberately and studiously turn away from this spiritual travail, not without an underlying consciousness that such turning away is treasonable, to seek for beauty or pleasure or repose. In those strenuous days of the English Renaissance, so full of resolution and energy and achievement, when a broad, healthy, mundane activity replaced the intensity and wistfulness and passion of mediæval religion and the exaltations of chivalry; when the world grew spacious and substantial, when mirth was open and unashamed, and when the tragedy of life consisted in positive wrestling of man with man and of nation with nation—in those days there was an absorbing interest in action and the tug of human passions; the vital relation of man with man in mutual love or conflict was that which the imagination of the period delighted to present to itself; it was the age of the drama, and men did not pause in the career of living to devise systems or

\* The text was afterwards altered, and the poem was made a portion of "Youth and Age."

theories or doctrines of life. But the unity of national thought and feeling ceased when Puritan stood over against Anglican and Roundhead against Cavalier. It became necessary to pause and consider and decide. A youth of fine moral temper coming to manhood when Milton wrote his "Comus," had a choice to make — a choice between two doctrines in religion, two parties in the State, two principles of human conduct. Instead of that free abandonment to the action and passion of the world, characteristic of the Elizabethan period, there was now a self-conscious pursuit of certain ideals, — an ideal of loyalty to Church and crown, with grace and gallantry and wit; or else the stern Puritan ideals — the vigorous liberty of a republic, the Church, a congregation of saints; and a severity and grave majesty of personal character. Milton is deeply interested in providing himself and others with a moral rule of life, and with some doctrine which shall explain the mysteries of existence. He must needs get some answer to the *why* and *wherefore*, the *whence* and *whither* of the world. Shakespeare had cared to see what things are, all of pity and terror, all of beauty and mirth, that human life contains — Lear in the storm, and Falstaff in the tavern, and Perdita among her flowers. He had said, "These things are," and had refused to put the question, "How can these things be?" Milton, on the contrary, in the forefront of his epic, announces with the confidence of a great dogmatist that, aided by divine illumination, he aspires "to justify the ways of God to man."

Our own age is and has been, in a far profounder sense than the term can be applied to the age of Milton, an age of revolution. Society, founded on the old feudal doctrines, has gone to wreck in the storms that have blown over Europe during the last hundred years. A new industrial and democratic period has been inaugurated; already the interregnum of government by the middle classes has proved its provisional character. But the social and political forms suitable to this new epoch are as yet unorganized, and perhaps have not as yet been truly conceived. The contributions towards an ideal reconstruction of society by Fourier, by Robert Owen, by Auguste Comte, by Lassalle and Karl Marx, testify to the profound dissatisfaction of aspiring minds with the present chaos of our social and political relations; and we have seen within the last few years that masses of men,

filled with discontent and immoderate hopes that spring from the ashes of despair, are dangerously eager to turn into actual experiment the immature ideas of the thinkers. What we want before all else is a true thought, or body of organic thoughts, large and reasonable, which shall include all the conditions of our case.

Then again it is evident that a prolonged testing of religious ideas has been going forward. Theology, once the science of sciences, is said to be superseded, and in its place we have got a "science of religions." God, to whom once all highest hopes and fears tended and were referred, the living God whom man, his creature, might love and adore and obey, has been superannuated, and we are requested to cultivate henceforth enthusiasm on behalf of "a stream of tendency" which "makes for righteousness." Or perhaps it is more in harmony with the principles of a scientific age to direct our devout emotions to the great *ensemble* of humanity: "O ensemble of humanity, thou art my ensemble; early will I seek thee; my soul thirsteth for thee in a dry and thirsty land, where no water is." Or yet again may it not be that we can dispense with this awkward ensemble — a leviathan of pettinesses — and recognizing the existence of an unknowable, may possess in that recognition the essence of all religions: "Sing unto the unknowable, O ye saints of its, and give thanks at the remembrance of its unknowableness."

It takes a little time and some tuning of the ear before we can feel that the new psalmody is quite as happy in its phrasing as the old. The revolution or threatened revolution in the religious order seems to us no less real and no less important than that in the political and social order. In truth, not a conception of any kind respecting the world and man and the life of man remains what it was a century since. Science sapping in upon every side of human thought and feeling, is effecting in our views of the individual and of the race a modification as startling as that effected in cosmical conceptions by the discovery of Copernicus that this earth is not the centre of the universe, but one orb among its brother orbs in a system too vast and glorious for imagination to comprehend. The past of humanity has expanded from the six thousand years of the old Biblical chronologists to measureless aeons of time; the sense of the myriad intimate relations between the present and all this past has grown strong within us, perhaps tyrannously strong;

while, at the same time, it is impossible to restrain the imagination from a forward gaze into futurity, which seems to open a vista as remote and unfathomable as the past. We were once apes or ascidians, therefore we shall some day be the angels of this earth. Since Cordorcet speculated and since Shelley sang, there have been wild hopes of human perfectibility in the prophetic soul of the world dreaming of things to come; and in soberness and truth there has grown up a general confidence in a progress of mankind towards good, which seems to be justified by the most careful scrutiny of the past history of humanity from primitive barbarism to the present imperfect forms of civilization. If, moreover, the conviction that we and all that surrounds us have been so largely determined by the past sometimes weighs on us with tyrannous power, the thought that we in our turn are shaping the destinies of future generations becomes a moral motive of almost irresistible force, compelling us to high resolve and dutiful action.

The stress of the spiritual and social revolution has been widely felt during the second half of the last fifty years; the twenty-five years which preceded these were a period of comparative tranquillity, a period during which the vast additions made to the means and appliances of living somewhat hid out of view the dangers and difficulties of life itself from eyes that did not possess the true seer's vision. The ten-pound householder had his vote; slavery was abolished in the colonies; the evils of pauperism were met by a poor-law; the bread-tax was abolished; the people were advancing in education; useful knowledge was made accessible in cheap publications; a man could travel forty miles in the time in which his father could have travelled ten; more iron, more coal, was dug out of the earth; more wheels were whirling, more shuttles flew, more looms rattled, more cotton was spun, more cloth was sold. The statistics of progress were surely enough to intoxicate with joy a lover of his species.

The sanguine temper of the period and its somewhat shallow material conception of human welfare, are well represented in the writings of Macaulay. Prosperous himself through all his years, which marched with the years of the century, never troubled by inward doubt and perplexity or falterings of heart, never borne away by eager aspirations towards some unattainable spiritual perfection, Macaulay loved his age as a good boy might love

an indulgent mother—how generous she was!—who gave no end of cakes and pocket-money, and was jolly to all the other fellows as well as to himself. And the mother was justly proud of her vigorous, kindly, cheerful, clever son. How much to her liking was that contrast between the Platonic and the Baconian philosophy—when we ourselves were boys we got the lines by heart: "An acre in Middlesex is better than a principality in Utopia. The smallest actual good is better than the most magnificent promises of impossibilities. The wise man of the Stoics would, no doubt, be a grander object than a steam-engine. But there are steam-engines. And the wise man of the Stoics is yet to be born." And a thousand readers huzzaed and tossed up their caps for the steam-engine, and held Plato and Marcus Aurelius and Epictetus cheap. Southey, comparing the old cottages of the English peasantry, the solid weather-stained material, the ornamented chimneys, round or square, the hedge of cleft box beneath the windows, the rose-bushes beside the door, the little patch of flower-ground with its tall hollyhocks in front, the orchard with its bank of daffodils and snowdrops—Southey, comparing these with the new cottages of the manufacturers built upon the manufacturing pattern, naked and in a row, had asked, "How is it that everything which is connected with manufactures presents such features of unqualified deformity?"—a question which Mr. Ruskin and Mr. William Morris, and in his own way Mr. Frederic Harrison, are asking to-day. And Macaulay answered with a contemptuous snort, "Here is wisdom. Here are principles on which nations are to be governed. Rose-bushes and poor-rates, rather than steam-engines and independence." Huzza! therefore, once more for the steam-engine; all is going on beautifully with England: *laissez faire, laissez aller*. "It is not by the intermeddling of Mr. Southey's idol, the omniscient and omnipotent State, but by the prudence and energy of the people, that England has hitherto been carried forward in civilization, and it is to the same prudence and the same energy that we now look with comfort and good hope." Truly the whirligig of time has brought Southey and the provident—though not omniscient or omnipotent—State their revenge.

Tender regrets for the past, for the age when English hands could rear the cathedral, when English hearts could lift one common hymn of faith and praise, are, if

we may trust Macaulay, the follies of the sentimentalist. In those ages "noblemen were destitute of comforts the want of which would be intolerable to a modern footman, farmers and shopkeepers breakfasted on loaves the very sight of which would raise a riot in a modern workhouse." But if it be folly to chase backward through time a vanishing mirage, we may confidently look forward to a golden age in the near future — a golden age of more abundant beef and richer pudding. "It may well be, in the twentieth century, that the peasant of Dorsetshire may think himself miserably paid with fifteen shillings a week; that the carpenter at Greenwich may receive ten shillings a day: that laboring men may be as little used to dine without meat as they are now to eat rye bread." Why let fancy thus halt upon the borders of the terrestrial paradise? Why not imagine the twenty-first century, when the carpenter may receive a pound a day and have butcher's meat at dinner, breakfast, and tea? In May, 1851, Macaulay visited the great Exhibition, and strolled for a long time under its glass and iron through acres of glorified shops. "Crystal Palace — bless the mark! — is fast getting ready," Carlyle had written in his diary a few days before this; "and bearded figures already grow frequent on the street; 'all nations' crowding to us with their so-called industry or ostentatious frothery. All the loose population of London pours itself every holiday into Hyde Park round this strange edifice. . . . My mad humor is urging me to flight from this monstrous place." "I went to the Exhibition," writes Macaulay, "and lounged there during some hours. I never knew a sight which extorted from all ages, classes, and nations, such unanimous and genuine admiration. I felt a glow of eloquence, or something like it, come on me from the mere effect of the place." And again on the opening day: "I made my way into the building; a most gorgeous sight; vast, graceful, beyond the dreams of the Arabian romances. I cannot think that the Cæsars ever exhibited a more splendid spectacle. I was quite dazzled, and I felt as I did on entering St. Peter's." Brilliant and indefatigable son of an age of commerce and middle-class ascendancy! his eloquent pages would nowhere else read so well as under those best of iron girders, beneath the splendors of the largest plate-glass, and amid such decorations, and art, and industry — where nothing nestles or lurks, but all is set forth for display — as were the glory and delight of the year 1851.

Macaulay, the historian of the first Victorian period, with his company of brilliant actors and his splendid spectacle, had but one rival in popularity, and that rival, the novelist of the period, exhibits with equal force, in his own province of literature, the characteristics of the time, its sanguine temper, its *bourgeois* ideals. To have awakened the laughter of innumerable readers during half a century is to have been no slight benefactor of the world, and 1886, the jubilee year of *Pickwick*, ought to have been celebrated with bumpers and exuberant mirth. England, the "weary Titan" of Mr. Arnold's majestic simile, is all the better in health for having had to hold her sides with glee. And the tears that have been shed for little Nell and Paul Dombey and tiny Tim have been a kindly dew, laying some of the dust of the world. And yet the accusations of melodrama, of pseudo-pathos, of overwrought caricature, have been brought against Dickens not unjustly. We have known a nobler laughter than his, and tears more sacred. The laughter of one whose vision embraces the deepest and highest facts of life has in it a lyrical purity and passion which uplift the spirit as the laughter of Dickens never can; in such mirth there is no loose squandering of the heart, no orgy of animal spirits, nor does it spring from a perception of trivial incongruities; there is nothing in it of the mere grin; it is exquisite, refined, radiant, because it grows from a hidden root of severity. Such is the mirth of Shakespeare's "Tempest" and "The Winter's Tale," following hard upon his "King Lear" and "Othello." And in the tears of one who has conversed with the soul in the great moments of its fate there is no moisture of sentimentalism. The pathos is divested of all prettiness; it is more than an affair of the nerves, or even of the heart. It is at its highest the exquisite spiritual pity, allied with the unfaltering justice, of Dante. We rejoice that Dickens should have quickened the sensibility of the English middle class for the trials and sufferings and sorrows of the poor; we rejoice that he should have gladdened the world with inexhaustible comedy and farce. But it were better if he had discovered that for man and the life of man there is something needful over and above good spirits, a sufficient dinner, and overflowing good-nature. His ideal of human happiness was that of his readers; their middle-class notions of human well-being and of what is most admirable in character he gave them back, animated by his own vigorous animal spir-

its—that superabundant vitality which, when he wrote the name “Charles Dickens,” produced such a whirl of flourishes before the pen could rest. Banish from earth some few monsters of selfishness, malignity, and hypocrisy, set to rights a few obvious imperfections in the machinery of society, inspire all men with a cheery benevolence, and everything will go right well with this excellent world of ours. Such in brief was the teaching delivered by Dickens to his time, and he claimed to be regarded as a teacher. But let us rather choose to think of him as a widener of our sympathies, and as a creator of comic and sentimental types; then we shall see a whole population gather for his defence, and — *honneur aux dames* — Sairey Gamp it is who leads the van.

There is no sense of dissatisfaction with himself in what Dickens writes. How should one tingle with life to the fingertips be displeased with his own personality? And, setting aside certain political or social inconveniences, “circumlocution offices,” and such like, clearly capable of amendment, there was, in Dickens’s view, nothing profoundly ailing with society. Thackeray had a quarrel with himself and a quarrel with society; but his was not a temper to push things to extremes. He could not acquiesce in the ways of the world, its shabbiness, its shams, its snobbery, its knavery; he could not acquiesce, and yet it is only for born prophets to break with the world and go forth into the wilderness crying, “Repent!” Why affect to be a prophet, and wear camels’ hair and eat locusts and wild honey, adding one more sham to the many, when after all the club is a pleasant lounge, and anthropology is a most attractive study? Better patch up a truce with the world, which will not let one be a hero, but is not wholly evil; the great criminals are few; men in general are rather weak than wicked; vain and selfish, but not malignant. It is infinitely diverting to watch the ways of the petty human animal. One can always preserve a certain independence by that unheroic form of warfare suitable to an unheroic age — satire; one can even in a certain sense stand above one’s own pettiness by virtue of irony; and there is always the chance of discovering some angel wandering unrecognized among the snobs and the flunkies in the form of a brave, simple-hearted man or pure-souled, tender woman. Whether right or wrong, this compromise with the world is only for a few days. Heigh-ho!

everything hastens to the common end — *vanitas vanitatum*.

The morality of this compromise with the world is fully discussed by Thackeray himself in his “Pendennis,” and he arrives at no decisive result. Mr. Pen is on terms of friendship with the great Simpson of the Royal Gardens of Vauxhall, and shakes the lovely equestrian of the arena by the hand:—

And while he could watch the grimaces or the graces of those with a satiric humor that was not deprived of sympathy, he could look on with an eye of kindness at the lookers-on too; at the roystering youth bent upon enjoyment, and here taking it; at the honest parents, with their delighted children laughing and clapping their hands at the show; at the poor outcasts, whose laughter was less innocent though perhaps louder, and who brought their shame and their youth here, to dance and be merry till the dawn at least, and to get bread and drown care. Of this sympathy with all conditions of men, Arthur often boasted; he was pleased to possess it, and said that he hoped thus to the last he should retain it. As another man has an ardor for art or music, or natural science, Mr. Pen said that anthropology was his favorite pursuit, and had his eyes always eagerly opened to its infinite varieties and beauties; contemplating with an unfailing delight all specimens of it in all places to which he resorted, whether it was the coquetting of a wrinkled dowager in a ballroom, or a high-bred young beauty blushing in her prime there; whether it was a hulking guardsman coaxing a servant-girl in the park—or innocent little Tommy that was feeding the ducks while the nurse listened. And, indeed, a man whose heart is pretty clean can indulge in this pursuit with an enjoyment that never ceases, and is only perhaps the more keen because it is secret and has a touch of sadness in it; because he is in his mood and humor lonely, and apart although not alone.

Over against which there is the author’s manly warning:—

If seeing and acknowledging the lies of the world, Arthur, as see them you can with only too fatal a clearness, you submit to them without any protest farther than a laugh; if, plunged yourself in easy sensuality, you allow the whole wretched world to pass by you unmoved; if the fight for the truth is taking place, and all men of honor are on the ground armed on the one side or the other, and you alone are to lie on your balcony and smoke your pipe out of the noise and the danger—you had better have died, or never have been at all, than such a sensual coward.

But Arthur has ready a reply which serves his purpose at least for the moment.

At a time when there is no dominant faith, no rule of life, no compelling ardor,



no ordered, marching army of men where each one of us may fall into the ranks and obey his leader's command, what more natural than that the individual, oppressed by a sense of his own powerlessness, should come to terms with the world, and should compensate himself as a suborned revolter by irony and satire. The worst evil is that such a compromise with the world breeds a spirit of fatalism and saps the force of the will; to yield to circumstance, to accept one's environment, seems inevitable; and men forget that in every complex condition of life we are surrounded by a hundred possible environments, and that it lies with ourselves to choose whether we shall see our neighbors over the way or an encompassing great cloud of witnesses who gather at gaze around us.

Thackeray had not the austerity and lonely strength needful for a prophet; he would not be a pseudo-prophet; therefore he chose his part — to remain in the world, to tolerate the worldlings, and yet to be their adversary and circumventer, or at least a thorn in their sides. Two men, whose influence extends over the full half-century, of whom one happily remains among us still, were true nineteenth-century sons of the prophets, who would make no compromises, and each in his own way lifted up a solitary voice crying repentance and terror and judgment to come. "In Oriel Lane," writes the late professor of poetry at Oxford, Principal Shairp, "light-hearted undergraduates would drop their voices and whisper, 'There's Newman!' when, head thrust forward, and gaze fixed as though on some vision seen only by himself, with swift, noiseless step he glided by. Awe fell on them for a moment, as if it had been some apparition that had passed." And another Oxford professor of poetry, Mr. Matthew Arnold, writes in a like strain: "Who could resist the charm of that spiritual apparition, gliding in the dim afternoon light through the aisles of St. Mary's, rising into the pulpit, and then, in the most entrancing of voices, breaking the silence with words and thoughts which were a religious music — subtle, sweet, mournful? I seem to hear him still, saying: 'After the fever of life, after wearinesses and sicknesses, fightings and despondings, languor and fretfulness, struggling and succeeding; after all the changes and chances of this troubled, unhealthy state, — at length comes death, at length the white throne of God, at length the beatific vision.'"

Mr. Arnold dwells on the charm and

magic of the preacher's person and manner, because for him the name of Cardinal Newman is a great name to the imagination, but the solution adopted by Newman for the doubts and difficulties which beset men's minds to-day, "to speak frankly, is impossible." They alone could feel the full force of Newman's words who believed that he spoke to them of the most glorious and the most awful of all realities. He stood in the pulpit of St. Mary's to tell of a hidden life which is the only veritable life of man; to tell of an invisible world which is more real, intimate, and enduring than the world of the senses. Once in the year this visible earth manifests its hidden powers; "then the leaves come out, and the blossoms on the fruit-trees and flowers, and the grass and corn spring up. There is a sudden rush and burst outwardly of that hidden life which God has lodged in the material world." So it shall be one day with the invisible world of light and glory — when God gives the word. "A world of saints and angels, a glorious world, the palace of God, the mountain of the Lord of Hosts, the heavenly Jerusalem, the throne of God and Christ, all these wonders, everlasting, all-precious, mysterious, and incomprehensible, lie hid in what we see. What we see is the outward shell of an eternal kingdom, and on that kingdom we fix the eyes of our faith. Shine forth, O Lord, as when on thy nativity thine angels visited the shepherds; let thy glory blossom forth as bloom and foliage on the trees; change with thy mighty power this visible world into that divine world, which as yet we see not; destroy what we see, that it may pass and be transformed into what we believe."

Newman and those who thought with him had little friendly feeling for the Puritans of the seventeenth century. It was noted by Clough in 1838 that assent could hardly be obtained at Oxford to an assertion of Milton's greatness as a poet. Yet Newman was indeed in one sense, and a very real sense, a Puritan of the nineteenth century. He rose in the pulpit of St. Mary's not only to rebuke the worldliness of the world but to protest against the religion of the day, which had dropped one whole side of the gospel — its austere character; which included "no true fear of God, no fervent zeal for his honor, no deep hatred of sin, no horror at the sight of sinners, no indignation and compassion at the blasphemies of heretics, no jealous adherence to doctrinal truth, no especial sensitiveness about the particular means

of gaining ends, if only the ends be good, no loyalty to the Holy Apostolic Church of which the Creed speaks, no sense of the authority of religion as external to the mind — in a word, no seriousness." These are the words of a Puritan—a Puritan who was also a Catholic, and here lay his power with higher minds in an age which had yielded to the sapping in of material influences, which had grown soft and self-indulgent, and which was bewildered by confused voices that seemed only to announce an intellectual anarchy. "My battle," Newman writes, "was with Liberalism; by Liberalism I meant the antidogmatic principle and its developments." Peace of mind and a cheerful countenance are indeed the gifts of the gospel, but they should follow zeal and faith; they should follow a recognition of the severe and terrible side of religion. "I will not shrink from uttering my firm conviction," said Newman, "that it would be a gain to this country were it vastly more superstitious, more bigoted, more gloomy, more fierce in its religion, than at present it shows itself to be. Not, of course, that I think the tempers of mind herein implied desirable, which would be an evident absurdity, but I think them infinitely more desirable and more promising than a heathen obduracy, and a cold, self-sufficient, self-wise tranquillity." The vital question with Newman, as he himself has said, was, "How were we to keep the Church from being liberalized?" And the final answer was given in his own action — by accepting all truth, like a perplexed child, from the lips of the queen of saints, the Holy Roman Church, the mother of us all. "I come," he might have exclaimed, like Charles Reding of his own "Loss and Gain," "O mighty mother, I come, but I am far from home. Spare me a little; I come with what speed I may, but I am slow of foot, and not as others, O mighty mother." In the divine darkness of her bosom there was rest. Those who look upon Newman's solution of the difficulties of our time as an impossible solution need hardly trouble themselves with his singular reasonings. The title of the fifth chapter of his "Autobiography," "Position of my mind since 1845," will suffice — as if during half a long lifetime a position were desirable for a thinking being rather than a progress. "From the time that I became a Catholic, of course I have no further history of my religious opinions to narrate." Of course: for the mighty mother laid her hand across the child's weary eyes, soothed him to rest

with her immemorial croon, and while he slept removed the hand and fixed her bandage in its place. Yet we heretics, for whose blasphemies the zealous champion of the faith must needs feel compassion and indignation, may win from his teaching something better even than its charm and its culture; we may win a quickened sense of the reality of the invisible world, and a more strenuous resolution to live with the loins girt and the lamp lit. A young Protestant heretic from America, who prized at their true worth Cardinal Newman's "Verses on Various Occasions," took courage one day and sent a copy of that volume to the Oratory at Birmingham, with a request for the writer's autograph. It was returned with the inscription, *Viriliter age expectans Dominum* — words containing in little Newman's best contribution to his time: his vivid faith in a spiritual world, and the call to his fellows in an age of much material ease and prosperity to rise and quit them like men.

Our second prophet was laid to rest six years since under the green turf of Ecclefechan. A tomb of the prophet was built — built it may be with untempered mortar; and since then the amusement of his countrymen has been to pull out one stone and another, or scribble on their surface caricatures and insolent verses. Carlyle's prime influence, as I have written elsewhere, was a religious one. His heritage of faith was indeed transformed, but it was never cast away. To the last there remained in him much of the Puritan; but the intellectual fetters of Puritanism could not bind his growing intellect, nor could he be content to starve his emotions by excluding from view the passion and the beauty of the world. How to hold a steadfast course, how to live a spiritual life and yet be free, neither self-imprisoned in a system nor in bondage to outworn form and ceremony — this was the problem of problems with the young Carlyle. And in Goethe's life and teaching he found that problem solved. *Im Ganzen, Guten, Schönen, resolut zu leben*. Thus alone might the seriousness which is at the heart of Puritanism grow large, liberal, and beautiful. To attain serenity, as Goethe had attained, was indeed forbidden to him by his stormy sensitiveness and by that "intolerable sympathy with the suffering" of which an acute observer, Harriet Martineau, has spoken as characteristic of Carlyle. But by finding his true work and by desperate adhesion to it, he could gain, if not serenity, at least a

counterpoise to his own tempestuous feelings. He needed—I quote some words of my own\* from an article written in the *Academy* on the occasion of Carlyle's death—a vast background, immensities, eternities, through which might wander the passion-winged ministers of his thought, wonder, and awe, and adoration. But in the foreground of clear perception and sane activity all was limited, definite, concrete. From Goethe he had learnt what, indeed, his own shrewd Scottish head could well confirm, that to drift nowhere in the inane is not the highest destiny of a human creature; that, on the contrary, all true expansion comes through right limitation, all true freedom through obedience. Hence the rule, "Do the work that lies nearest to your hand;" hence the preciousness of any fragment of living reality, any atom of significant fact. If Carlyle was an idealist, he was an idealist in the service of what is real and positive. He did not pore perpetually with bent head and myopic vision on petty details; he could search for a fact as well as Dryasdust, but he did not wear Dryasdust's spectacles. The little illuminated spot on which men toil and strive, and love and sorrow, is environed, for Carlyle's prophetic vision, by the immensities; the day, so bright and dear, wherein men serve or sin, is born from a deep eternity, which swiftly calls it back and engulfs it. From which contrast between great and little, the transitory and the eternal, spring many surprises of humor and of pathos, which in the end cease to surprise and become a humor and a pathos *en permanence* for those who see the universe through the sympathetic, sad, and yet, at the same time, the Aristophanic eyes of Carlyle.

In whatever else Carlyle may have failed, he did not fail in impressing on those who took his teaching to heart a sense of the momentous issues of the time; a sense that a great social revolution was in progress; that it was attended with stupendous dangers, and called before all else for loyal, obedient, faithful, God-fearing men. He would, if it were possible, have helped to discipline and train a regiment of modern Ironsides, and then have trusted to God to send a Cromwell to be their leader. He could not huzza for steam-engines, cotton, and oil, and coal, Crystal Palaces, the machinery or the shows of society, while society itself was ailing at the heart. Reverence, obedience, spiritual insight, fidelity to

duty, honest work—did England possess more or less of these? If less, how vain and wicked was the modern cant of progress! Progress—yes, progress towards the devil and the black pit of Gehenna.

Mr. John Morley has spoken of Carlyle's method for ascertaining truth as the method of Rousseau. "Each bids us look within our own bosoms for truth and right, postpones reason to feeling, and refers to introspection and a factitious something called nature, questions only to be truly solved by external observation and history." And as it were in contrast with such a method leading only to pseudo-wisdom, we are told that the force of Mr. Mill's character and teaching lay in that "combination of an ardent interest in human improvement with a reasoned attention to the law of its conditions, which alone deserves to be honored with the high name of wisdom." But Carlyle, in truth, inspected society with a penetrating vision, and the observation of Mr. Mill—earnest, disinterested, admirable student as he was—too frequently is that of a one-eyed observer, or a man born color-blind. How should one whose feelings had never been cultivated in childhood and youth observe truly? How should a man whose right eye had been put out recognize, for example, the importance of religion as a factor in society? Mr. Mill reasoned. His reasonings were based on the principle that the individual must take the general happiness as his ultimate end; and the reasoner is compelled to admit that questions of ultimate ends do not admit of proof in the straightforward sense of the term. He, the philosophical guide of the Liberal party, observed and reasoned, and produced a political economy; and who have banished the orthodox political economy to Saturn and Jupiter? No; Mr. Mill too often observed insufficiently, or reasoned imperfectly, or started from principles too hastily assumed. Carlyle brought, at least, the complete nature of a devout and passionate man to the aid of observing powers of extraordinary keenness and penetration. And not without effect. Mr. Froude, in a remarkable passage, has described the influence of Carlyle's writings on young men who felt painfully the trouble and difficulty of the time, and were agreed to have done with compromise and conventionalities. "To the young, the generous, to every one who took life seriously, who wished to make an honorable use of it, and could not be content with making money, his words were like the morning reveille." "Carlyle's

\* Now altered and amended.

doctrine," says Mr. Morley, "has all its foundations in the purest individualism." No; it is empirical utilitarianism, confessing that it cannot prove anything with respect to ultimate ends, which cannot pass beyond individualism; and Carlyle's doctrine has its roots in God—in God, not to be revealed after death, in a beatific vision seated upon the great white throne, but here and now, in his world of sinning, toiling, suffering, striving men and women. "It is to you, ye workers," he writes, "who do already work, and are as grown men, noble and honorable in a sort, that the whole world calls for new work and nobleness. Subdue mutiny, discord, widespread despair by manfulness, justice, mercy, and wisdom. Chaos is dark, deep as Hell; let light be, and there is instead a green flowery world. Oh, it is great, and there is no other greatness. To make some nook of God's Creation a little fruitfuller, better, more worthy of God; to make some human hearts a little wiser, manfuller, happier, more blessed, less accursed!" Such words as these, and the words—so different and yet not wholly alien—from the pulpit of St. Mary's, affected young and ardent spirits as words of genuine prophecy. "Early in the eighteen-forties," writes Principal Shairp, "when the 'Miscellanies' appeared, and became known to undergraduates here at Oxford, I remember how they reached the more active-minded, one by one, and thrilled them as no printed book ever before had thrilled them." And Mr. Froude's confession will not be forgotten: "I, for one (if I may so far speak of myself), was saved by Carlyle's writings from Positivism, or Romanism, or Atheism, or any other of the creeds or no-creeds which in those days were whirling us about in Oxford like leaves in an autumn storm."

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From The English Illustrated Magazine.

A SECRET INHERITANCE.

BY B. L. FARJEON.

BOOK THE SECOND.

VII.

THE investigations in the course of which Emilius related his version of what had passed between him and his ill-fated brother—I use the phrase to give expression to my meaning, but indeed it is hard to say to which of the brothers, the living or the dead, it can be applied with the greater force—took place in private,

only the accused and the magistrate, with a secretary to write down what was said, being present. The magistrate, in his conversations with Doctor Louis and Gabriel Carew, did not hesitate to declare his belief in the prisoner's guilt. He declined altogether to entertain the sentimental views which Doctor Louis advanced in Emilius's favor—such as the love which it was well known had existed between the brothers since their birth, the character for gentleness which Emilius had earned, the numberless acts of kindness which could be set to his credit, and the general esteem which was accorded to him by those among whom he had chiefly lived.

"My experience is," he said, "that all previous records of a man's life and character are not only valueless but misleading when the passions of love and jealousy enter his soul. They dominate him utterly; they are sufficiently baleful to transform him from an angel to a demon. He sees things through false light, and justifies himself for the commission of any monstrous act. Reason becomes warped, the judgment is distorted, the sense of right-doing vanishes; he is the victim of delusions."

Doctor Louis caught at the word. "The victim!"

"Will that excuse crime?" asked the magistrate severely.

Doctor Louis did not reply.

"No," said the magistrate, "it aggravates it. Admit such a defence, and let it serve as a palliation of guilt, and the whole moral fabric is destroyed. What weighs heavily against the prisoner is his evident disinclination to reveal all he knows in connection with the hours he passed in the forest on the night of his brother's death. He is concealing something, and he seeks refuge in equivocation. When I accused him of this his confusion increased. I asked him whether his meeting with his brother was accidental or premeditated, and he was unable or unwilling to give me a satisfactory reply. He made a remark to which he evidently wished me to attach importance. 'There are matters between me and my brother,' he said, 'which it would be difficult, perhaps impossible, for an unsympathetic person to understand.' 'I am such a person,' I said. 'Undoubtedly,' was his reply; 'you are seeking to convict me out of my own mouth of a crime I did not commit.' 'I am seeking to elicit the truth,' I said. 'Have these mysterious matters between you and your brother of which

you speak any bearing upon his death?' Observe, that out of regard for the prisoner's feelings I used the word death instead of murder; but he corrected me. 'They have,' he said, 'a distinct bearing upon his murder.' 'And you cannot explain them to me?' I asked. 'I cannot,' he replied. 'You expect me, however, to place credence in what you say?' I asked. 'I do not,' he said; 'it is so strange even to me that, if you were in possession of the particulars, I should scarcely be justified in expecting you to believe me.' After that there was, of course, but little more to be said on the point. If a criminal chooses to intrench himself behind that which he is pleased to call a mystery, but which is simply an absurd invention for the purpose of putting justice off the track, he must take the consequences. Before our interview was ended it occurred to me to ask him whether he intended to persist in a concealment of his so-called mystery. He considered a little, and said that he would speak of it to one person and to one person only. Upon that I inquired the name of the person, saying that I would seek him and send him to the prisoner. Emilius refused to mention the name of the person. Another mystery. As you may imagine, this did not dispose me more favorably towards him, and I left him to his meditations."

"Having," said Doctor Louis, "a thorough belief in his guilt."

"There is not a shadow of doubt in my mind," said the magistrate.

"You once entertained an esteem for him."

"True; but it only serves to prove how little we really know of each other. This mask that we wear, and which even in private we seldom remove, hides so much!"

"So much that is evil?"

"That is my meaning."

"You are growing pessimistic," said Doctor Louis sadly.

"Late events and a larger experience are driving me in that direction," replied the magistrate.

"Have you any objection to granting me a private interview with Emilius?"

"None whatever. You have but to name your own time."

"May Mr. Carew see him also?"

"If he wishes."

In this conversation Gabriel Carew had borne no share. This was due to an absolute fairness on Carew's part. Prejudiced as he was against Emilius, he was aware that he could say nothing in favor of the

accused, and he did not wish to pain Doctor Louis by expressing what he felt. When the magistrate left them Doctor Louis said, "The one person to whom Emilius is willing to confide is either you or myself."

To this view Gabriel Carew did not subscribe. In his remarks to Doctor Louis he touched lightly but firmly upon the instinctive aversion which, from the first, he and the brothers had felt towards each other, and said that this aversion, on the part of Emilius, must have been strengthened rather than modified by the opinions he had felt it his duty to express with respect to Emilius's dealings with Patricia.

"But he behaved honorably to her," contended Doctor Louis, and endeavored to win Carew to a more favorable judgment of the unhappy man. He was not successful.

"There are sentiments," said Carew, "which it would be folly to struggle against. Emilius was always my enemy, and is still more so now. If he wishes to see me I will go to him. Not otherwise."

Shortly afterwards Doctor Louis had an interview with Emilius.

"I thought you might come to me," said the prisoner, but he refused the hand which Doctor Louis held out to him.

"Not till I am free," he said, "and pronounced innocent of this horrible charge."

"You will be — soon," said Doctor Louis with inward sinking, the evidence was so black against Emilius.

"I scarcely dare to hope it," said Emilius gloomily. "A fatality dogs our family. It destroyed my father and his brother; it has destroyed Eric; it will destroy me."

"Under any circumstances," said Doctor Louis, not pursuing the theme, "I should have endeavored to see you, but there is a special reason for my present visit. The magistrate by whom you have been examined informed me that there is a certain matter in connection with this deplorable event which you will disclose to one person only. Am I he — and should you make the disclosure, is it likely to serve you?"

"I was not quite exact," said Emilius, "when I made that statement to the magistrate, in answer to a question he put to me. There were, indeed, two persons in my mind — but you are the first, by right."

"And the other — is it Gabriel Carew?"

"Yes, it is he — though I doubt whether he would come of his own free will. He bears me no friendship."



"He is an honorable, upright man," said Doctor Louis. "Though you have not been drawn to each other, as I hoped would be the case, I am sure he would be willing to serve you if it were in his power."

"Does he believe me to be innocent?" Doctor Louis was silent. "Then why should he be willing to serve me? You are mistaken. But it is not of this I wish to speak. What I have to disclose will be received with sympathy by you, who knew and loved my poor father, and who are acquainted with all the particulars of his strange story. Related to any other than yourself it would be regarded as the ravings of a maniac, or as a wild and impotent invention to help me to freedom. For this reason I held my tongue in the presence of the magistrate."

"Before hearing it," said Doctor Louis, "I ought to say that, though I am groping in the dark, I can understand dimly why you would not confide in an officer of the law. But I cannot understand why you should be willing to confide in Gabriel Carew. I speak in the light of your belief that Carew bears you no friendship."

"I cannot explain myself to you," said Emilius, "and should most likely fail in the attempt with Mr. Carew. But there are promptings which a man sometimes feels it a duty to obey, and this is one of them. I perceive that you do not receive these apparent inconsistencies with favor. It is natural. But reflect. Had you not, through your close intimacy and almost brotherly friendship with my father, been made familiar with his story—had it been related to you as a stranger, would you not have received it with incredulity, would you not have refused to believe it?" Doctor Louis nodded. "A wild effort of imagination could alone have invented it—had it not happened. But it was true, in the teeth of improbabilities and inconsistencies. For his sake you will bear with me, for his sake you will be indulgent and merciful to his unhappy son."

Doctor Louis was inexpressibly moved. He again offered Emilius his hand, who again refused it.

"Circumstantial evidence," he said, "is so strong against me that I fear I have played out my part in the active world. Should my fears be confirmed, I shall ask you to render me an inestimable service. Meanwhile, there is that which should not be concealed from you, my father's dearest friend, and mine. It relates chiefly to the murder of my brother. That part of my story which affects my wife, Patricia,

may be briefly passed over. I have known her for nearly five years, and grew insensibly to love her. It is only lately that my poor Eric made her acquaintanceship, and surrendered his heart to her. I should have been frank with him; I should have spoken of my love for Patricia instead of concealing it. It may be that it would not have averted his doom and mine, for when men are pursued by an inexorable fate, there are a thousand roads open for its execution. Why did I not go frankly to Patricia's father, and ask him for his daughter's hand? It is a question that may well be asked, but there is some difficulty in answering it. Chiefly, I think, it was Patricia who guided me here, and who desired to keep our love locked in our breasts. She feared her father; he is a man of stern and fixed ideas, and, once resolved, is difficult to move. His daughter, he declared, should marry in her own station in life; never would he consent to her marrying a gentleman. Patricia chose to consider me one, and had a genuine and honest dread that her father would tear her from me if he discovered our love. I did not argue with her; I simply agreed to all she said. We were married in secret, at her wish; and when concealment was no longer possible, we fled. This flight was not undertaken in haste; it was discussed and deliberately planned. We hoped for her father's pardon when he discovered that his intervention would be useless. I was for an earlier revelation to Martin Hartog of his daughter's union with me, but I yielded to Patricia's pleadings. She had a deep, unconquerable fear of her father's curse. 'It would kill me,' she said; and I believed it would. But how to gain his blessing? Patricia was satisfied that she knew the way. 'Let my father but see my baby,' she said, 'and his heart will melt.' A mother's argument, and a human. I consented. Her baby will soon be born, and her father's heart is hardened against me, and I fear against her. This is the end to which love has led us. I will speak now of my brother Eric.

#### VIII.

"It was arranged," said Emilius, after a pause, during which he recalled with clearness the momentful history of the few short hours which had sealed his brother's fate, "that Patricia should leave her father's cottage at midnight, when her father was asleep. I was to wait for her about a quarter of a mile from Mr. Carew's house with a horse and cart, in which we

were to travel to the lodgings I had taken for her. This portion of our plan was successfully carried out, and Patricia and I were journeying to our new home. It was midnight by my watch when we started, and we had ridden for less than an hour when Patricia was overtaken with a sudden faintness. I was alarmed because of her condition, and upon questioning her she said that she felt too weak at present to bear the jolting of the cart. The fact is, she was exhausted and worn with fatigue and anxiety. With her contemplated flight in her mind she had had but little sleep for two or three nights; her strength was overtaxed, and I saw that she needed immediate rest. I proposed that we should stop for three or four hours, so that she could sleep without disturbance, and upon my assuring her that we were quite safe she gratefully acceded to my proposal. In a very short time I made preparations for her repose; some hay I had brought with me furnished her a tolerably comfortable bed, and I had also provided rugs, with which I covered her. I took the horse from the cart, and tethered it, and before this was accomplished Patricia was in a peaceful slumber.

"There was no fear of our being disturbed. We were in a secluded part of the forest, which even in daylight is seldom traversed. The night was fine, though dark. All being secure, I sat me down on some dry moss by the side of the cart, and in a few moments was myself asleep. I awoke suddenly and in terrible agitation. In outward aspect nothing was changed. All was as I had left it but fifteen minutes ago; for, upon consulting my watch by means of a lighted match, I found that I had been asleep but a quarter of an hour. The horse was grazing quietly and contentedly; Patricia was sleeping peacefully, and I judged that she would continue to do so for many hours unless she were aroused. Nature's demands upon her exhausted frame were imperative.

"Everything being so secure, what cause was there for agitation?

"The cause lay in myself, and had been created during the last few minutes when I was in a state of unconsciousness. It seems incredible that so much should have passed through my brain in so short a time, but I have heard that a dream of years may take place in a moment's sleep.

"I dreamed of my father and his brother, and I was living a dual existence as it were, my father's and my own; and as I was associated with him, so was my

brother Eric with our uncle Kristel. There was a strange similarity in the positions; as my father had flown, unknown to his brother, with the woman he loved, so was I flying, unknown to my brother, with the woman to whom I was bound in strongest bonds of love, and who had inspired in *his* heart feelings akin to my own. The tragic end of my father and uncle seemed to be woven into my life and the life of my brother. It was a phantasmagoria of shadow, belonging both to the past and the present; and it was succeeded by another which was the chief cause of my violent awaking.

"Eric was walking in the forest at some distance from the spot upon which I was sleeping. I saw him distinctly, though he was walking through darkness, and although I do not remember in my conscious moments to have ever taken note of the particular conformation of the ground and the arrangement of the trees, the scene, with all its details of natural growth, was strangely familiar to me. And behind him, unknown to himself, stalked a threatening shadow, with death in its aspect. Then came a whisper, 'Your brother is in danger. Seek, and warn him!'

"This spiritual whisper was in my ears when I awoke.

"'Seek, and warn him!' It was clearly my duty. Such visitations had come to my father, and were fatally realized. Dare I neglect the warning?

"But what was to be done must be done instantly and without delay. Could I leave Patricia? I leaned over her, and gently called her name. She did not reply. I softly shook her, but did not succeed in arousing her. And while I was thus engaged I continued to hear the whisper, 'Your brother is in danger. Seek, and warn him!'

"I decided. Patricia could be safely left for a little while. If I awoke her she would probably prevail upon me to remain with her, and I might have cause in all my after life to reproach myself for having neglected the spiritual warning. To be lightly regarded perhaps by other men, but not by me. I was Silvain's son.

"I wrote on a leaf torn from my pocket-book, 'Do not be alarmed at my absence; I shall be back at sunrise. There is something I have forgotten, which must be done immediately. Sleep in peace. All is well. — Your lover and husband, EMILIUS.' I pinned this paper at her breast, arranged the rugs securely about her, and left her.

"I cannot describe to you how I was

directed, and I plunged without hesitation and in perfect confidence into the labyrinths of the forest, and my steps were directed aright. I walked swiftly, and recognized certain natural aspects made familiar to me in my dreams. And in little more than an hour I saw Eric a few yards ahead of me, strolling aimlessly and in a disturbed mood. I called to him.

"Eric!"

"Emilius!"

"But there was no friendliness in his tone.

"It is you who have been dogging me!" he cried.

"I have but this moment arrived," I replied.

"In search of me?"

"Yes, my dear brother," I said, passing my arm around him. "We must speak together, in love and confidence, as we have ever done."

"Already he was softened, and I breathed a grateful sigh.

"Have you been followed, Eric?" I asked.

"I do not know," he replied. "I cannot say. I have been racked and tormented by torturing fancies. Trees have taken ominous shapes; shadows seem to dog me; my mind is distraught; my heart is bleeding!"

"It would occupy me for too long a time to narrate circumstantially all that passed between me and Eric on that our last interview. Suffice it that I succeeded to some extent in calming him, that I succeeded in making him understand that I had done him no conscious wrong; that Patricia was my wife and loved me.

"Had it been your lot, Eric," I said, "to have won her love, I should have suffered as you are suffering; but believe me, my dear brother, that I should have endeavored to bear my sufferings like a man. It lay not with us that this should have occurred; it lay with Patricia. It is not so much our happiness, but hers, that is at stake."

"It is a consolation to me in my present peril to know that I succeeded in wooing him back to our old relations, in which we were guided wholly and solely by brotherly love. You are not to believe that this was accomplished without difficulty. There were, on his side, paroxysms of rebellion and despair, in one of which—after he had learned that I and Patricia were man and wife—he cried, 'Well, kill me, for I do not care to live!' These were the words heard by the witness who has testified against me. They bear, I well know,

an injurious construction, but my conscience is not disturbed. My heart is—and I am racked by a torture which threatens to undermine my reason when I think of my wife and unborn child.

"At length peace was established between me and my dear brother. And then it was that I told him of my dreams, and of the uncontrollable impulse which had urged me to seek for him in the forest. I asked him to accompany me back to Patricia, but he said that was impossible, and that he could not endure the agony of it. I put myself in his place, and recognized that his refusal was natural. But I could not entirely dismiss my fears for his safety. Eric, however, refused to share them. 'What is to be will be,' he said; 'otherwise it would not have been fated that our father and his brother—twins as we are—should have loved the same woman, and that we should have done the same.'

"I was anxious to get back to Patricia, and I left him in the forest. I knew nothing further until I was arrested and thrown into prison."

"An innocent man," said Doctor Louis. "As innocent as yourself," was Emilius's reply.

#### IX.

THROUGHOUT this narration Doctor Louis was impressed by the suspicion that something was hidden from him. He pressed Emilius upon the point, and his suspicion was strengthened by the evasive replies he received.

"Enough, for the present, of myself," said Emilius; "let me hear something of the outside world—of the world that is dead to me."

"What do you wish to know?" asked Doctor Louis sadly.

"Of yourselves," replied Emilius. "Of your good wife, whom I used to look upon as a second mother. She is well?"

"She is well," said Doctor Louis, "but in deep unhappiness because of these terrible events."

"How does she regard me—as innocent or guilty?"

"She has the firmest belief in your innocence. When I told her I was about to visit you, she desired me to give you her love and sympathy."

"It is like her. And Lauretta?"

"I did not inform her that I was coming. She is in great distress. You and Eric were as brothers to her."

"And now," said Emilius, with a certain recklessness of manner which puzzled

Doctor Louis, "one is dead and the other disgraced. But she will live through it. She has a happy future before her?"

He put this somewhat in the form of a question, to which Doctor Louis replied without hesitation. "We have the best of reasons for hoping so. But our conversation, Emilius, appears to have taken a heartless turn. Let us rather consider the chances of establishing your innocence and setting you free."

"No, let us continue to speak of your family. There may not be another opportunity — who knows? My judges may take it into their heads to keep me in solitary confinement, and to deprive me entirely of the solace of friendly intercourse, until they have got rid of me altogether. The chances of establishing my innocence are scarcely worth considering; they are so slender. Slender! They are not even that. I see no loophole, nor do you. What is wanted is fact — hard, solid fact, such as an actual witness, or a frank confession from the murderer. Everything tangible and intangible is against me. Eric and I were rivals in a woman's love; we had a meeting, in which we reconciled our differences, and in which the horror of brotherly hatred was scotched clean dead. Who were present at this meeting? My dear brother, who is gone and cannot testify; and I, whose interest it is to say whatever my tongue can utter in my defence. To prove my innocence I can bring forward — what? Shadows. I could forgive my judges for laughing at me were I to set up such a defence. Easier to believe that I killed my brother in a dream. Could that be proved, there would be some hope for me, for it might be argued that I was not accountable. Let us dismiss it. I have told you all I know positively; for the rest, I am strong enough to keep it to myself, being aware of the manner in which it would be received."

"Surely you are not wearied of life," said Doctor Louis, shocked at this reckless mood.

"That is not to the point. Wearied or not, it is not in my power to choose. Were I free, were my fate in my own hands, it would be worth my while to consider how to act in order that the crime might be fixed upon the guilty one. And hearken, doctor, I am not swayed by impulse; there is something of inward direction which holds me up. I hear voices, I see visions — not to be heard or seen or taken into account in a court of justice; of value only in a prison. They assure me that, though I may suffer and be dis-

graced, I shall not die until my innocence is proved."

"Heaven grant it!" exclaimed Doctor Louis.

"Meanwhile, I wait and take the strokes which fate deals out to me. A crushed manhood, a ruined life, a blasted happiness! And there is a happy future, you say, before Lauretta? You have every confidence in Mr. Carew? Lauretta loves him?"

"With her whole heart."

"And you and your good wife approve — are content to intrust her happiness into his keeping?"

"We are content — we approve."

"May all be as you hope! Say nothing to them of me. The best mercy that can be accorded to me is the mercy of forgetfulness. I have a favor to beg of you."

"It is granted."

"You will be kind to my wife; you will not desert her — you will, if necessary, protect her from her father, who, I fear, will never forgive her?"

"I will do all that lies in my power to further your wishes — though I still hope for a favorable turn in your affairs."

"Your hope is vain," said Emilius. "I thank you for your promise."

#### X.

THERE were no further discoveries. Doctor Louis engaged eminent lawyers to defend Emilius when his trial took place, but their case was so weak that they held out no hope of a successful issue. They pleaded hard and brilliantly, and took advantage of every vulnerable point. A great number of witnesses testified to the good character of the accused, to his consistent kindness of heart, to his humanity, to acts of heroism now for the first time made public. These efforts were not entirely without effect. Emilius was pronounced guilty, but a chord of sympathy had been touched, and he received the benefit of it. A strong recommendation to mercy accompanied the verdict, and he was condemned to imprisonment for twenty-five years. Thus he passed away, and was as one dead to those who had loved and honored him; but it was long before they forgot him.

These events retarded the marriage of Gabriel Carew and Lauretta. It was postponed for six months, and even the ardent lover himself had the grace to submit patiently to the delay. During those months he endeared himself more than ever to Doctor Louis and his family, by his tenderness to Lauretta, and by his

charities to the poor. His mind recovered its healthy tone; his habits became more regular; he paid attention to religious duties; and when the wedding-day arrived it was a day of rejoicing in the whole village. He and Lauretta departed on their honeymoon tour amidst general demonstrations of love and esteem. The sun was shining on their present and their future, and it may be truly said that never did bride and bridegroom go forth under more joyful auspices. For weal or woe the lives of Lauretta and Gabriel were henceforth one.

They were absent from Nerac for between four and five months, travelling through delightful scenes and climes, and their letters home betokened that they were perfectly happy.

"For the first time," wrote Gabriel Carew, "I recognize the sweetness and beauty of life. I have hitherto been wandering in darkness. Association with Lauretta has opened windows of light in my soul; heaven is nearer to me. How can I sufficiently thank you for the precious gift of a nature so pure?"

Their honeymoon over, they journeyed homewards to Nerac. Carew had given all necessary instructions with respect to his house, and it was ready for occupation upon their return. Martin Hartog had left the village, and was never again seen in it. No one knew whither he had gone; he left no sign behind, and, having few friends, was but little missed, and was soon forgotten. Other changes had also occurred, of infinitely more importance to Gabriel Carew and his wife. The first which arrested their attention and brought fear to their hearts was the appearance of Lauretta's mother, and Carew observed in Doctor Louis's grave and anxious face that the fear which smote himself and Lauretta had found a lodgment in the doctor's soul. She had grown thin and wan during their absence; her limbs were oppressed with languor, her eyes were dim, there was a wistful trembling of her limbs. This was not immediately observable, so profound was her joy in embracing once more her beloved child, but Gabriel Carew was struck by it within a few minutes of their being together. He did not, however, speak of it of his own accord to Doctor Louis. So deep was the love between those faithful souls, that Carew was fearful of referring to what might prove to be not only a separation, but a destruction of happiness. Doctor Louis was the first to mention it. He and Carew were sitting apart from the mother and the

daughter, who, embracing, were at the other end of the room.

"You have had a happy time, Gabriel?"

"Very, very happy."

"Our dear Lauretta is the same as ever."

"Yes. I would wish that she should never change."

"But changes come," said Doctor Louis, with a sigh.

"Yes, unhappily."

"I am not so sure," said the doctor, with a trembling lip. "Yet when they do come, sooner than we expected in one we love, they are hard to bear. Faith in God alone sustains us in such a trial. To live a good life, a life without reproach, upon which lies no shame, a life in which we have endeavored to fulfil our human duties—surely that must count!"

"Otherwise," said Carew, "the sinner would rank with the just."

"The sinner is the more to be pitied," said Doctor Louis; and then, after a pause, "Gabriel, you have been away from us for nearly five months, and are more likely to detect changes in persons and things than those who are hourly familiar with them. Do you observe anything?"

"In what—in whom?" asked Carew, in a hesitating tone.

"In the dear mother," said Doctor Louis. "Is she thinner, paler, than when you saw her last?"

"Yes," replied Carew, deeming frankness the best course; "she looks as if she had passed through a sickness."

"She has not been really ill—that is, she has attended regularly to her duties and has not complained. But she is drooping; I am filled with fears for her."

"She looks better within these few minutes," said Carew. "Her eyes are brighter, her cheeks have more color in them."

"She has her dear Lauretta by her side," said Doctor Louis, his eyes fixed upon her beloved face. "It is the delight of the reunion that has excited her."

"It may be," said Carew, "that Lauretta's absence has affected her. They have never been separated before. How often has Lauretta said during our travels, 'There is only one thing wanting—the presence of my dear mother and father'! Now that they are together again, the dear mother will grow stronger."

It was not so, however; the good woman drooped daily, and daily grew weaker. The remembrance of that brief time at the end of which Lauretta's mother passed



from earth to heaven, never faded from the minds of those nearest and dearest to her. Her illness lasted for not longer than two weeks after Lauretta's return.

"She was only waiting for her child," sighed Doctor Louis.

It needed all his strength of mind and all the resources of his wise nature to enable him to bear up against the impending blow; and these would not have availed but for the sweet and tender words whispered by his wife as he sat by her bedside, holding her hand in his. Lauretta did not leave her mother. The young girl-wife suffered deeply. Even the love of her husband, it seemed, could not compensate for the loss of the dear one, whose unselfish course through life had been strewn with flowers, planted and tended by her own hands to gladden the hearts of those around her. The whole village mourned. Grateful men and women clustered outside the gates of Doctor Louis's house from morn till night, anxiously inquiring how the invalid was progressing, and whether there was any hope. Simple offerings of love were hourly left at the house, and were received with gratitude. Her eyes brightened when she was told of this.

"The dear people!" she murmured. "God guard them, and keep them free from temptation and sin!"

These words were uttered in the presence of her husband and Gabriel Carew, and they learned from them how her heart had been racked by the terrible events which had occurred lately in Nerac, staining the once innocent village with blood and crime.

"She loved Eric and Emilius," said Doctor Louis to Carew, "as though they were her own sons. To this moment she has a firm belief in Emilius's innocence."

"Her nature," was Gabriel Carew's comment, "is too gentle for justice. Fitly is she called 'the Angel Mother.'"

It was a title by which she had been occasionally spoken of in the village, and now that she was lying on her death-bed it was generally applied to her.

"For the Angel Mother," said the villagers, as they left their humble offerings at her door.

In his goings in and out of the house the good priest, Father Daniel, was besieged by eager sympathizers, asking him to convey loving messages from this one and that one to the Angel Mother and—the wish being father to the thought—inquiring whether she was not, after all, a little better than she was yesterday, and

whether there was hope that she might still be spared to them. He took advantage of the sad occasion to impress moral lessons upon his flock, bidding them purify their hearts and live good lives. It was remarked by a few that a feeling of restraint had grown up between Father Daniel and Gabriel Carew since the latter's return from his honeymoon tour. Indeed, on Father Daniel's part, this new feeling must have been generated before Carew's return, and it very quickly impressed itself upon Carew. He was not slow in paying coldness for coldness; his nature was not of that conciliatory order to beg for explanations of altered conduct. Proud, self-contained, and to some extent imperious and exacting in his dealings with men, Carew met Father Daniel in the spirit in which he was received. No words passed between them; it was simply that the priest evinced a disposition to hold aloof from Gabriel Carew, and that, the moment this was clear to Carew, he also fell back, and did not attempt to bridge the chasm which separated these two men who had once been friends.

So the days wore on till the end came. With each member of her family the Angel Mother held converse within a few hours of her death.

"Be good to my dear child," she said to Carew.

There was no one else but these two in the chamber, and it was at her request that they were alone.

"My heart, my life, are devoted to her," said Carew. "So may I be dealt by as I deal by her!"

"She loves you as women do not always love," said the mother. "You have by your side one who will sweeten and purify your days. No thought but what is tender and sweet has ever crossed her mind. She is the emblem of innocence. In giving her to you I believed I was doing what was right. Do not question me—my moments are numbered. I have been much shaken by the fate of Eric and Emilius. You believe Emilius to be guilty. Be more merciful in your judgments. With my dying breath I declare my belief in his innocence. It would be disloyal to one I loved as my son if I did not say this to you."

"But why," asked Carew gently, "especially to me?"

"I would say it to all," she replied, "and I would have all believe as I believe. His poor wife—his poor wife! Ah, how I pity her! Help her, if you can. Promise me."

"I will do so," said Carew, "if it is in my power, and if she will receive help from me."

"Lauretta and you are one," said the dying woman; "if not from you, she will receive it from my daughter. Before you leave me, answer one question, as you would answer before God. Have you anything hidden in your heart for which you have cause to reproach yourself?"

"Nothing," he replied, wondering that such a question should be put to him at such a moment.

"Absolutely nothing?"

"Absolutely nothing."

"Pardon me for asking you. May no shadow of sin or wrong-doing ever darken your door! Lift your heart in prayer. If you have children, teach them to pray. Nothing is so powerful to the young as the example of parents. Farewell, Gabriel. Send my husband and my daughter to me, and let my last moments with them be undisturbed." She gazed at him kindly and pityingly. "Kiss me, Gabriel."

He left the room with eyes overflowing, and delivered the message to Doctor Louis and Lauretta, who went immediately to the chamber of death.

Father Daniel was in the apartment, praying on his knees. He raised his head as Gabriel Carew stepped to his side. The time was too solemn for resentment or coldness.

"Pray with me," said the priest.

Gabriel Carew sank upon his knees, and prayed, by the priest's direction, for mercy, for light, for pardon to sinners.

Half-an-hour afterwards the door was opened, and Doctor Louis beckoned to his son-in-law and the priest. They followed him to the bedside of the Angel Mother. All was over; her soul had passed away tranquilly and peacefully. Carew knelt by Lauretta, and passed his arm tenderly around her.

When the news was made known, the village was plunged in grief. The shops were closed, and the villagers went about quietly and softly, and spoke in gentle tones of the Angel Mother, whose spirit was looking down upon them from heavenly heights. Early on the morning of the funeral the children went into the woods and gathered quantities of simple wild flowers, with which they strewed the road from Doctor Louis's house to the grave. The sun was shining, the birds were singing, soft breezes floated over the churchyard.

"It is as the dear mother would have

wished," said Doctor Louis to Lauretta. "I remember her saying long ago in the past, that she would like to be buried on a bright summer day—such as this. Ah, how the years have flown! But we must not repine. Let us rather be grateful for the happiness we have enjoyed in the association of a saintly woman, an angel now—waiting for us when our time comes."

And in his heart there breathed the hope, "May it come soon to me!"

The people lingered about the grave, over which to this day the flowers are growing.

## XL.

So numerous had been the concourse of people, and so engrossed were they in their demonstrations of sorrow and affection for their departed friend, that the presence of a stranger among them had not been observed. He was a man whose appearance would not have won their favor. Apart from the fact that he was unknown—which in itself, because of late events, would have predisposed them against him—his face and clothes would not have recommended him. He had the air of one who was familiar with prisons; he was common and coarse-looking; his clothes were a conglomeration of patches and odds and ends; he gazed about him furtively, as though seeking for some particular person or for some special information, and at the same time wishful, for private and not creditable reasons, not to draw upon himself a too close observation. Had he done so, it would have been noted that he entered the village early in the day, and, addressing himself to children—his evident desire being to avoid intercourse with men and women—learnt from them the direction of Gabriel Carew's house. Thither he wended his way, and loitered about the house, looking up at the windows and watching the doors for the appearance of some person from whom he could elicit further information. There was only one servant in the house, the other domestics having gone to the funeral, and this servant, an elderly woman, was at length attracted by the sight of a stranger strolling this way and that, without any definite purpose—and, therefore, for a bad one. She stood in the doorway, gazing at him. He approached and addressed her.

"I am looking for Gabriel Carew's house," he said.

"This is it," the servant replied.

"So I was directed, but was not sure,

being a stranger in these parts. Is the master at home?"

"No."

"He lives here, doesn't he?"

"He will presently; but it is only lately he came back with his wife, and has not yet taken up his residence."

"His wife! Do you mean Doctor Louis's daughter?"

"Yes."

"Ah, they're married, then?"

"Yes, they are married. You seem to know names, though you are a stranger."

"Yes, I know names well enough. If Gabriel Carew is not here, where is he?"

"It would be more respectful to say Mr. Carew," said the servant, resenting this familiar utterance of her master's name.

"Mr. Carew, then. I'm not particular. Where is he?"

"You will find him in the village."

"That's a wide address."

"He is stopping at Doctor Louis's house. Anybody will tell you where that is."

"Thank you; I will go there." He was about to depart, but turned and said, "Where's the gardener, Martin Hartog?"

"He left months ago."

"Left, has he? Where for?"

"I can't tell you."

"Because you won't?"

"Because I can't. You are a saucy fellow."

"No, mistress, you're mistaken. It's my manner, that's all; I was brought up rough. And where I've come from a man might as well be out of the world as in it." He accompanied this remark with a daredevil shake of his head.

"You're so free at asking questions," said the woman, "that there can be no harm in my asking where *have* you come from—being, as you say, a stranger in these parts?"

"Ah, mistress," said the man, "questions are easily asked. It's a different thing answering them. Where I've come from is nothing to anybody who's not been there. To them it means a lot. Thank you for your information."

He swung off without another word towards the village. He had no difficulty in finding Doctor Louis's house, and observing that something unusual was taking place, held his purpose in and took mental notes. He followed the procession to the churchyard, and was witness to the sympathy and sorrow shown for the lady whose body was taken to its last resting-place. He did not know at the time

whether it was a man or woman, and he took no pains to ascertain till the religious ceremony was over. Then he addressed himself to a little girl.

"Who is dead?"

"Our Angel Mother," replied the girl.

"She had a name, little one." His voice was not unkindly. The answer to his question—"Angel Mother"—had touched him. He once had a mother, the memory of whom still remained with him as a softening if not a purifying influence. It is the one word in all the languages which ranks nearest to God. "What was hers?"

"Don't you know? Everybody knows. Doctor Louis's wife."

"Doctor Louis's wife!" he muttered. "And I had a message for her!" Then he said aloud, "Dead, eh?"

"Dead," said the little girl mournfully.

"And you are sorry?"

"Everybody is sorry."

"Ah," thought the man, "it bears out what *he* said." Again, aloud: "That gentleman yonder, is he Doctor Louis?"

"Yes."

"The priest—his name is Father Daniel, isn't it?"

"Yes."

"The young lady by Doctor Louis's side, is she his daughter?"

"Yes."

"Is her husband there—Gabriel Carew?"

"Yes; there he is." And the girl pointed him out.

The man nodded, and moved apart. But he did not remain so; he mingled with the throng, and coming close to the persons he had asked about, gazed at them, as though in the endeavor to fix their faces in his memory. Especially did he gaze, long and earnestly, at Gabriel Carew. None noticed him; they were too deeply preoccupied in their special sorrow. When the principal mourners moved away he followed them at a little distance, and saw them enter Doctor Louis's house. Being gone from his sight, he waited patiently. Patience was required, because for three or four hours none who entered the house emerged from it. Nature, however, is a stern mistress, and in her exaction is not to be denied. The man took from his pocket some bread and cheese, which he cut with a stout clasp knife, and devoured. At four o'clock in the afternoon Father Daniel came out of the house. The man accosted him.

"You are Father Daniel?"

"I am." And the priest, with his ear-

nest eyes upon the stranger, said, "I do not know you."

"No," replied the man, "I have never seen you before to-day. We are strangers to each other. But I have heard much of you."

"From whom?"

"From Emilius," said the man.

"Emilius!" cried Father Daniel, and signs of agitation were visible on his face.

"Are you acquainted with him? Have you seen him lately?"

"I am acquainted with him. I saw him three days ago."

Father Daniel fell back with a sudden impulse of revulsion, and with as sudden an impulse of contrition said humbly, "Forgive me—forgive me!"

"It is I who should ask that," said the man, with a curious and not discreditable assumption of manliness, in the humbleness of which a certain remorseful abasement was conspicuous. He bowed his head. "Bless me, father!"

"Do you deserve it?"

"I need it," said the man; and the good priest blessed him.

"It is, up to now," said the man presently, raising his head, "as Emilius told me. But he could not lie."

"You are his friend?" said Father Daniel.

"I am not worthy to be called so," said the man. "I am a sinner. He is a martyr."

"Ah," said Father Daniel, "give me your hand. Nay, I will have it. We are brothers. No temptation has been mine. I have not sinned because sin has not presented itself to me in alluring colors. I have never known want. My parents were good, and set me a good example. They taught me what is right; they taught me to pray. And you?"

"And I, father?" said the man in softened accents. "I! Great God, what am I?" It was as though a revelation had fallen upon him. It held him fast for a few moments, and then he recovered his natural self. "I have never been as yourself, father. My lot was otherwise. I don't complain. Why should I? But it was not my fault that I was born of thieves—though, mind you, father, I loved my mother."

"My son," said Father Daniel, bowing his head, "give me your blessing."

"Father!"

"Give me your blessing!"

Awed and compelled, the man raised his trembling hands above Father Daniel's head. When the priest looked again

at the man he saw that his eyes were filled with tears.

"You come from Emilius?"

"Yes, with messages which I promised to deliver. I have been in prison for fifteen years. Emilius joined us; we hardened ones were at first surprised, afterwards we were shocked. It was not long before we grew to love him. Father, is there justice in the world?"

"Yes," said Father Daniel, with a false sternness in his voice. "That it sometimes errs is human. Your messages! To whom?"

"To one who is dead—a good woman." He lowered his head a moment. "I will keep it here," touching his breast; "it will do me no harm. To you."

"Deliver it."

"Emilius desired me to seek you out, and to tell you he is innocent."

"I know it."

"That is the second. The third is but one word to a man you know—Gabriel Carew."

"He is here," said Father Daniel.

With head bowed down to his breast, Gabriel Carew came from Doctor Louis's house. His face was very pale. The loss which had fallen upon him and Lauretta had deeply affected him. Never had he felt so humble, so purified, so animated by sincere desire to live a worthy life.

"This man has a message to deliver to you," said Father Daniel to him.

Gabriel Carew looked at the man.

"I come from Emilius," said the man, "and am just released from prison. I promised him to deliver to you a message of a single word in the presence of Father Daniel."

In a cold voice and with a stern look Gabriel Carew said, "All is prepared. What is your message?"

"Understand that it is Emilius, not I, who is speaking."

"I understand."

"Murderer!"

From The Spectator.

#### THE FOREIGNERS IN ENGLAND.

It would be a curious incident in the history of English industry if an anti-Semitic agitation broke out among English workmen; but it is not entirely impossible. Certain trades in east London and two or three other great cities are said to be overrun with foreign immigrants, who work harder, live worse, and take

lower wages than their English rivals. The latter feel themselves handicapped, and being voters, put such pressure on their members that the House of Commons ordered the Board of Trade to make a special report. The result is a memorandum from the able permanent secretary of the board, Mr. Calcraft, supplemented by another from Mr. Burnett, its labor correspondent, from which it appears that the real grievance is a growing immigration into London of Polish Jews. The total number of foreigners resident in England is extraordinarily, indeed, to us almost incredibly small. It is nothing like  $\frac{1}{4}$  per cent. on the population of the United Kingdom. Indeed, if we deduct the Americans, who are not foreigners at all, and are never considered such, it is not  $\frac{1}{4}$  per cent., and would not, if it were equally distributed, be either noticeable or noticed. The figures for 1881, the last year of the census, are:—

Germans resident in the Kingdom	40,371
Frenchmen	16,194
Russians	15,271
Americans	20,014
Other countries	43,790

135,640

The increase, except among Russians, is exceedingly small, say two thousand a year, and the entire immigration is devoid of any political importance. It is nothing compared with the immigration of Spaniards, Italians, and Germans into France, where they number more than a million, and help to keep the population from positive decline; and not much compared with the immigration of Germans into Russia, which just now so excites the imagination of M. Katkoff and the Panslavist party. There is no foreign vote here which really tells at elections, except, perhaps, in a couple of London boroughs; and the foreign press, though it exists, is neither prosperous nor influential. The very names of the papers are unknown to the majority of citizens, and even at election-time their support remains unsought. Of the other countries, a large proportion are, we imagine, Italians, who in London are numerous enough to be visible, keeping hundreds of small restaurants and confectioners' shops; and Scandinavians, who occupy a distinct place in the shipping trade. There is no feeling against either of these nationalities, or against the Frenchmen, who for the most part, with the exception of six hundred and forty-eight shoemakers, do work Englishmen cannot do; and the whole question, there-

fore, so far as it is of any importance at all, is confined to the immigration of Germans and Russians. There is no doubt that a certain pressure is felt from both these nationalities, all the more severe because it is confined to London, Glasgow, and one or two more of the largest cities. The Germans are in great request as clerks, because they know languages; as servants, because they rigidly obey orders, and will do anything they can; and as bakers, sugar-refiners, and cabinet-makers, because, in the two first cases, they will do excessively laborious and painful work at the lowest market rates, and in the last case possess a special faculty of patience. Hardly any work is as bad as a baker's, owing both to the heat and the loads to be lifted; and we are not surprised to hear that half the four thousand master bakers of London are Germans, or that they prefer to employ their countrymen. The pressure, again, from the Russians is upon one trade most severe. They are Polish Jews; and with their German co-religionists, they are not only succeeding, as might be anticipated, in all forms of peddlery, but they positively monopolize, as we should not have expected, the cheap tailoring trade. Nearly the whole of the "slop-making" of London is in their hands, and the same report comes from other cities. They live poorly, work excessively hard as regards hours, compel their women and children to work too, and have, there is no reasonable doubt, cut down wages to a point at which English journeymen tailors cannot, or at all events will not, consent to live. Our readers will remember many reports within the last thirty years upon the really terrible condition of this industry, which, though one of the most useful, is pursued under conditions fatal alike to health and to that decent measure of happiness which all men, if only from selfish motives, desire their neighbors to possess. A man need not be a Christian to regret that a large body of men are so paid, housed, and fed, that fever is with them endemic, and that every man among them who can think becomes a socialist, anarchist, or other deadly enemy of modern society. The condition of the tailors, always bad, as the condition of any class with whose labor women compete usually tends to be, is now made worse by the influx of Polish Jews, and is, we should suppose, distinctly less supportable than that of any other sedentary occupation.

Still, what remedy is there except a combination in the trade itself, made diffi-



cult, if not impossible, by female competition? It is quite impossible to prohibit foreign immigration. The foreigners add just as much to the wealth of the country as Englishmen do,—or, indeed, more, from the low kind of diet upon which they are content to subsist. They do beneficial work in clothing the whole population cheaply, and they do not deteriorate the blood of the race, or its instinctive morality, as a vast immigration, say, of Chinamen might do. The Germans and Scandinavians are ourselves over again; the Frenchmen and Italians are our equals; and the Polish Jews, like Jews everywhere, keep themselves almost entirely from intermarriage. They obey all laws, they pay all taxes, and they either as workmen add to the sum produced, or as peddlers of all kinds aid in its facile distribution. There is no national or economic reason for forbidding them to come, and no kind of justice in attempting to do it. A Frenchman has some sort of an excuse for making a China of his country; but for Englishmen, who go stumbling all over the world in quest of work, and thrust themselves habitually into all the warmest nests, to expel foreigners from England because they are foreign would be rather too cynical a defiance of common equity. Suppose the world retaliates by sending us English all home again to eat up one another, as people who palpably take more share of the world's good things than we are entitled to! That would be just as fair, and the consideration makes a general prohibition of settlement quite impossible. The question of restricting pauper immigration is a little more diffi-

cult. We suppose a nation has a right to refuse to receive paupers, though it is not a Christian proceeding, bearing much too close an analogy to the practice of drowning the shipwrecked, and the right belongs especially to a nation with a poor-law; but how are we to distinguish between paupers and workmen? A man is not a pauper if he has an engagement to work; and who is to prevent the sale of fictitious engagements? Are we to impose a general tax on incomers, which would hamper all trade, or are custom-house officers to hold an inquiry on every steamer as to the means of livelihood the passengers may possess? In other words, are we to give up the national hospitality which has marked the kingdom for centuries, and has time and again enormously benefited it—we owe much of our manufacturing success to pauper refugees from France and Flanders—in order to prevent the arrival of a few hundred Jews, to whose creed we raise no objection, who work voluntarily like slaves—the real complaint against them being that they do too much for a penny—and who never by any chance or in any extremity of suffering enter a workhouse? The proposition is too absurd; and though we are sorry for the English slop-workers, and would gladly see them combine with the Polish Jews in a strong trade-union, we can hold out no hope that the legislature will help to relieve them from immigrant competition. They must bear it just as the clerks do, and see if they cannot make machinery work even faster and cheaper than the Jews.

**THE NEW MARRIAGE BILL.**—The attorney-general's bill for amending the law respecting the attendance of registrars at marriages in Nonconformist places of worship has now been published. It proposes to extend to Dissenting ministers the power of solemnizing marriages without the presence of a registrar, which is now possessed by clergymen in orders recognized by the Church of England and by Quakers and Jews. The proposed privileges are to be confined to those denominations who, in the opinion of the registrar-general, have a central organization sufficient for maintaining discipline among their ministers. A large number of the numerous sects, which are known even by name to few persons outside the registrar-general's office, would be excluded by this last provision. We have had

no religious census in England for five-and-thirty years, but the Irish tables give forty-eight sects which only boast two members apiece, and another fifty whose congregations are all under twenty. The bill is principally designed in the interests of the five great Methodist bodies—the Wesleyans, the New Connexion, the Primitive Methodists, the Bible Christians, and the United Methodist Free Churches—all of whom possess extensive organizations, and, as it requires certain preliminary proceedings to be taken before the registrar, and a return under his hand to be given to the officiating minister, who must be registered, it is difficult to see whom the passing of this long-needed measure can prejudice.

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